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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER
THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY FLOOD.
THE NEWSPAPER

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THE GREAT FLOOD IN THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY, MASSACHUSETTS.

Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Hayden's Residence.

SCENE IN HAYDENVILLE, NEAR THE BRASS WORKS OF HAYDEN, GERE & CO., AT THE TIME THE FLOOD STRUCK THE VILLAGE.—SKETCHED BY MILTON BRADLEY.
SEE PAGE 179.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 30, 1874.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest
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GRANT'S GOBLIN.

LAST Summer this journal was considerably chaffed for trying to exorcise the spectre of Caesar, which had been invoked by the New York *Herald* from an ancient cycle of time to fit the civic garments of President Grant. We were hurried to and written to by many extinct prophets of politics, who solemnly said that Casuism was a ridiculous impossibility, and that we were harrying a chimerical ghost. The idea then was that the tendency of the President's mind and of his surroundings was to give him unrestricted possession of the executive chair. Times and the men have somewhat changed. There is now no commoner expression in Republican small circles than this: whether General Grant, with the handle of his sword still turned towards his hand, wished to hold his office for a third term; and those vague and doubting seers who said that he would be "the last Republican President," now lazily add, "by holding the office for life." What was a last Summer's dream is to-day a factor on the political slate. Men are ciphering the chances for a third term.

The opinion of men who are carefully watching the movements of political parties seems to be that General Grant, with his official patronage, may, and probably will, dictate the name of the next President, and a few knowing ones say that he would, chances favoring, inevitably choose himself. His position at the present time certainly warrants the belief. He is by far the strongest man in the country, one not sensitive to the shafts of criticism, or considering them as natural and necessary, and regarding them with the pride and disdain of a hide-bound political rhinoceros. And if he is tough of skin, as a politician may successfully be, he is by no means the intellectual imbecile that his enemies, with misty circumlocutions, write him down. He belongs to that brawny race of Americans who are known, with surprise, to succeed in life, while delicate dilettanti and men who are able to define axioms of political science invariably fail. You can never tell what a muscular man may do. Grant sat quietly in humdrum Galena many years before he rose to conquer the most chivalric soldiers of the age; and there are not a few who expect that after five years of contemplation of the workings of Government he may suddenly show that he is master of all the practical details of political victory, which no idealist could ever command. He is nothing but a practical man, and he never shows his hand. If stumbling critics were wise enough to discover the peculiar powers of his situation, it may be supposed that he himself long ago discovered them. His first term was his Galena—*his* Elba; his second is a happy prologue to the swelling act of the imperial theme. Ten years ago the man would have been called mad who would have made the soldier a President, and three years ago there were few who prophesied a second term. Now

"To be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor."

But more than Cawdor he has long been. He is to the fancy of many men the most available presidential candidate in the country. So true is this, that the story has been bruited that the imbecile Manhattan Club recently drank weak tea together in order that Grant should fill a third term as a Democrat; as if the Democratic Party did not always seek its candidate in the morgue. It is surprising to know how utterly Grant has destroyed the prospects of the minor candidates for the succession. His greatest opponent, Morton, after making out a stronger and more honest case for Inflation than men, in their bitterness, are willing to give him credit for, seems irretrievably prostrated. It is known that Grant's power over that honest old nobody, Washburne, is that of the stronger of two personal friends. Conkling's opportunities, beyond those of impatient, tropical oratory, depend upon the President's whims. Blaine, keen, politic, and lacking courageous purpose, moves without strength, like a bead upon a string. Newton Booth, whose name came to us out of the West, as a poem, is not yet an accomplished fact. The man whose personal magnetism, quaint human culture, and romantic popularity make people believe that "Jones of Nevada" is a realization of all of Bret Harte's heroes, and who might make Grant's chances fewer, can never be President of the United States.

Add to these facts that other condition of strength, that, while all the politicians are dependent upon the President, the latter, for the first time since Appomattox, feels himself independent of them. He has won the ap-

plause of the people by showing that in vetoing the Inflation measure he is wiser and stronger than both Houses of Congress combined. He stands alone. He is no longer handicapped by knowing men. We think it is a dead certainty that he will be a candidate in 1876. The Democrats, with fair chances of success, will oppose him with the dead. There will be candidates who will represent the pecuniary debts of the country, and who will wage war on day-books and I O U's; and if we do not have Logan and Merrimon we may have Morton and Beck. The idealists who seek Adams as they sought Chase and Greeley are now scattered and weak, and we are likely to see a repetition of the Cleveland Convention which nominated Fremont and Cochrane for a few weeks. The Grangers seem disposed to overreach themselves. Altogether, the conditions of politics at the present moment point to the promise that the next President will be Grant or a Democrat, and that those who vote to win may have their choice between Caesar and a corpse.

AS PENNSYLVANIA GOES.

IT has long been a truism in National politics that as Pennsylvania goes, so goes the Union. The reason is found in a philosophy deeper than the law of coincidences. The State is the only one in the Union that has within itself all the elements of an empire—coal, iron, manufactures, agriculture, and an outlet to the sea and on the lakes. Pennsylvania divides New York and New England from the West, not only in the geographic sense, but also in respect to business and commercial interests. The elements in the West which seek inflation of the currency are also in Pennsylvania demanding an increase of the paper issues. The opposite interest, too, is almost as strong in Pennsylvania as in the East. Possessing nearly everything which any part of the country can claim—manufacturing interests rivaling the manufactures of New England, and agricultural resources as rich as those of Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin; the equal of the other States in intelligence, in wealth and in activity; more conservative than either the East or the West, because of community of interests with both—it is not to be wondered at that Pennsylvania should hold the balance of power in this country, or that the exercise of this power in great National contests should have grown into something like a political maxim.

At the same time it is curious to recall how Pennsylvania has been snubbed by the political leaders in Congress and in the National conventions. It was so in the almost half-century of Democratic rule, and it has been so in the fourteen years of Republican administration. It was only the other day that the West denied an appropriation to Philadelphia for the Centennial celebration of American Independence. The cause of this, perhaps, was two-fold. The West is young and knows not Independence Hall. Like Pygmalion's statue, which was suddenly transformed into a woman, the West sprang out of the earth full-grown, and is unconsciously vain and foolish as the unfortunate Galatea—and therefore this New Land was not willing to pay anything towards a historical celebration in which it had no share. But the West evidently believes it is always safe to snub Pennsylvania. All through the war Pennsylvania was condemned by the West; and while Ohio, Indiana and Illinois proposed to reimburse themselves for losses from rebel raids, any appeal from Pennsylvania was deliberately kicked out of Congress. What could Pennsylvania do under such circumstances but tamely submit and bide her time to avenge her wrongs on election day? But not until now have they been worth avenging at the expense of party fealty and the disruption of political organizations. The time, however, has probably come at last; for the West is evidently about to set up for itself, and exercise its boasted ability at ruling the country. If this should happen, and a Western Inflationist should become the Republican candidate for President in 1876, Pennsylvania would probably turn the tide against him. No foe of the Centennial will have any chance in the Centennial year; for, as goes Pennsylvania, so goes the Union.

For all practical purposes Pennsylvania has as much to gain from one party as from the other. The Democracy has lost its character as a free-trade party. The Republican Party has fallen into the hands of the free trade managers of the West. The farmers of the West are naturally free-traders, for free-trade means good prices for what they have to sell, and cheap prices for what they must buy. The Pennsylvanian, on the other hand, is naturally a Protectionist. He sees, however, that neither protection nor free trade is worth fighting about in national politics—at least so far as his interests are concerned. Log-rolling in Congress, with other interests, is the surest protection to Pennsylvania's protective interests. Free trade in this country has lost all its power as a principle, and though it may be embodied in party platforms—in the Republican as well as in the Democratic—it can have no life as against combinations of interest. It is true, protection is robbery; but this makes no difference, since the question has passed out of the domain of politics, and has become a mere matter of a division of the spoils. All this loosens the hold of the Republican Party upon Pennsyl-

vania in the next Presidential contest, and, if Morton is able to dictate the candidate, will for the first time in many years throw the Keystone State on the side of the Opposition.

As yet it may be too early to judge of the issues in the presidential election two years hence. It may be safe to assume, however, that the Democracy will not learn wisdom, nor the Republicans honesty, in the meantime. In 1876, as in 1872, we shall probably have parties without principles, and politicians endeavoring to hoodwink and deceive the people. We are in the midst of the era of feeble statesmanship. While the Republican Party remains in power there can be no change for the better, either in national affairs or in the character of the Opposition. In the strict sense of the word, the Democracy is no longer a party, and it cannot hope to become a party till it again comes into power through unexpected and adventitious aids. Such aid may be found in the isolated and humiliated condition of Pennsylvania. The West has dishonored the sturdy old State where Independence was first proclaimed. Pennsylvania has nothing more to gain from the West which the West can withhold. She is ready for revolt and revolution, and it will not require great genius to array her against the Republican Party, as that party is now dominated by leaders like Morton and Logan. A grand dinner at the Manhattan Club is an event of little political significance; but to detach Pennsylvania from the dominant party is of the greatest importance, since political contests go as Pennsylvania goes.

FARMERS AND PAPER.

THAT the farmers of the West unanimously desire an inflation of our present irredeemable paper money is, as Mr. Hosea Biglow would remark, an "exploded idea." The simple Senators who seem to hold their consciences in very much the same regard as the *condottieri* of medieval Italy held theirs, and who embarked in a campaign for inflation because they supposed their constituents would reward them for it, have discovered to their dismay that they have been fighting under the wrong banner. The votes are, if not absolutely on the other side, by no means decisively on that side, and some of these Senators are sulkily sheathing their swords, and swearing they will not draw them again until they know more definitely where the pay is coming from.

It is a very prudent measure, for nothing is more certain than that the longer the farmers think about it, the less profit they will expect to derive from an excess of paper money. And for this reason paper money, in excess, cannot help them. Granted that they shall have grain to sell, and granted that there is a plenty of paper money in the country, it does not follow that the owners of the grain will get the money, or any more of it than they now get. It also does not follow that if they did get more of it than now, they would be any better off for having it. The farmer's market is not wholly in this country. He himself, of course, sells his grain to the various buyers whose headquarters are at the nearest railway station, or who traverse the country making purchases. But these buyers are the agents of grain houses in Chicago or Milwaukee, or some other grain centre of the West or of the East, and these large houses buy partly for the home market and partly for the foreign market, and the former is, as a rule, controlled by the latter. The home market does not and cannot take all the grain. A portion of it has to be sent abroad, and the buyers cannot give more for it than they think they can get for the portion sent abroad, and make a profit. For if they do not buy at a price that will let them sell abroad, they must sell here, and that they cannot do because the supply is greater than the demand. So the price in Liverpool controls the price in New York and Boston, and in Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis and the West. But the price in Liverpool is in coin. It is so many English shillings of silver per quarter. The grain is taken across the ocean in foreign vessels, thanks to the stupid legislation which, for a quibble of vanity, and a foolish notion of "protection" to American ship-builders, drove the American merchant-flag off the sea. The freight, therefore, is calculated in coin, and is deducted from the original coin price.

Now, in proportion as the paper money is inflated, the premium on gold advances. Farmers reason sometimes, and often feather-headed demagogues reason for them, that the higher the premium on gold, the more paper dollars will be got for the coin price of grain abroad. And this is true as regards the last American seller. But from the paper dollars received at the coast there must be deducted, before the farmer gets his money, the cost of insuring the grain, of handling it at the seaport, of conducting the jobber's business and supporting his family, of freights, of handling the grain at the Western city, and of the purchasing agents along the lines of the railway. All these are "reckoned" in paper dollars, and the more the paper the more the deduction. In addition to all this, every successive factor through whose hands the money passes adds to his charge a certain amount to cover fluctuations in the value of paper. For paper money is always fluctuating. It is never certain that a dollar in paper will bring the same amount in gold next week that it does this. All these

charges have to come out of a given amount of gold paid at the seaboard, and each man in succession, to be sure of getting his share of the gold, adds a little to his charge in paper. It is true that the value of paper, in gold, sometimes advances, but very seldom is allowance made for that. Human greed grabs when it can; it gives only when it must, and in this case there is very little to compel it to yield.

It will be seen, therefore, that the balance left for the farmer may very easily be none the greater, even though the number of paper dollars his wheat brings at the seaboard is largely increased. But supposing that his share in the price is somewhat larger, he finds that it does not go any further, probably not so far, in meeting his necessary expenses. It pays a larger part of the interest on his mortgage, and, if it be not consumed, it may even pay off a larger installment of the mortgage debt. But the mischief for him is that it is consumed. His labor, hire, his machinery, his seed, his material for buildings and fences, his horses and oxen, the taxes on his land, his clothing and that of his family, the schooling of his children, and the miscellaneous expenses of his household, all require a greater number of paper dollars, the more dollars there are. The very force that swells the price of wheat in paper drains away in a thousand directions the illusory "money" that he receives.

But even if this were not so, if by some law that does not exist and never can, the rise in prices consequent on inflation of a paper currency could be confined to the products of the farm, it does not follow that the farmer would necessarily profit by inflation, because, as we have pointed out, his real market is in Europe, where the influence of paper money is not felt, and where many causes may combine to lower prices, wholly independent of the circumstances existing in the United States. For dealings with such a market a common currency is obviously the safest. Then all calculations are exact. The farmer is not taxed by every successive handler of his grain. He gets all that his grain brings in Europe, less the actual expense of getting it there; and what he gets will go as far in this country as in any other, and as far to-day as yesterday or tomorrow.

SPANISH PROSPECTS.

IT is not safe to accept as true any report from Spain, until after abundant time for its disproof has elapsed without such disproof being established. It is, however, more than a week since the news of the defeat of the Carlists near Bilbao was received here, and subsequent reports have all tended to prove that the defeat was complete and irreparable. Bilbao is definitely freed from its besiegers, and the defeated remnant of the Carlist army is retreating to the Basque Provinces, and the Pyrenees, with no prospect of again resuming the offensive and threatening Madrid itself. For the present all danger from the Carlists is over. There will continue to be a chronic Carlist insurrection, as there has been at any time during the last thirty years. It will, however, be nothing more than a pretentious sort of brigandage, and will have no real influence upon the fate of Spain.

The defeat of Don Carlos leaves Serrano undisputed master of the situation. He is a Dictator with absolute authority. The Cortes, than which a more incapable set of legislators was probably never collected, is treated by him with disdainful contempt. The only statesman who could render his position seriously uncomfortable is Castellar, and that eloquent orator remains judiciously quiet, and thus avoids the inconvenience of banishment. Admiral Topete, who with Prim and Serrano overthrew Isabella, is an unambitious sailor, who has not the least desire to become a ruler over anything but his fleet, and there is not a general in the army who possesses prestige enough with the troops to undertake to overthrow the veteran Marshal Serrano. The latter, thus, is firmly seated on the throne from which he expelled Isabella. What will he do with it is the question which naturally arises.

Serrano is perfectly aware that his Government, being neither a Republic nor a Monarchy, cannot be anything but a temporary expedient. The country may acquiesce in it for a time, but his every political action must add to the number of his enemies and hasten the hour when they will be sufficiently strong to overthrow him. Of course he can have no intention of abdicating his authority and reviving the discordant rule of the Cortes. It then remains for him to follow the example of Prim, and to bring on a King in whose name he can rule, but who will give his power the necessary legality.

The problem of selecting a King of Spain is much simpler now than it was when Prim was living. For the ill-success of Amadeus, who was decidedly the ablest and best foreign candidate available, has rendered it out of the question for Serrano to invite any one but a Spaniard to mount the throne. The Duke of Montpensier is regarded as a foreigner, in spite of his efforts to convert himself into a Spaniard, and he is, therefore, not to be classed among available candidates. There remain, then, only the Prince Alfonso, son of Queen Isabella by a wholly problematical father, and the youthful Carlist pretender. Of course, after having defeated the latter in the field, just when his cause was most hopeful, Serrano can regard him in no other light than that of an enemy. Alfonso is thus the

only possible Spanish King; and, accordingly, there is every reason to suppose that Serrano, as soon as he feels his own Dictatorship insecure, will offer the crown to Alfonso, and place him securely on the throne.

There are not wanting evidences that the wily old Marshal is already taking measures to accomplish this end. The two Conchas are known to be warm supporters of Alfonso. One of them has been placed by Serrano in command of the army, and the other has been made Captain-General of Cuba. The instruments to accomplish the recall of Alfonso are thus ready to Serrano's hand; for through one Concha he can control the army, and through the other he has access to the wealth of Cuba—at present about the only true source of revenue upon which the Spanish Government can count.

So far as is known, Prince Alfonso is a commonplace young fellow, not remarkable either for intelligence or stupidity. He, however, as King of Spain, will be able to put an end to the anarchy which has prevailed in the Peninsula ever since the assassination of Prim. What Spain needs, far more than she needs a free or an intelligent Government, is the suppression of anarchy. Some weeks since there was a fair prospect that relief would come through the success of Don Carlos. That prospect being now definitely dispelled, the only hope of Spain lies in the speedy restoration of the heir of Isabella. Very probably his Government would prove to be bigoted and tyrannical. It would, however, command sufficient loyalty to enable it to suppress insurrection, and to rescue the country from the hands of successive political adventurers. And unless this is done speedily, Spain will sink to the level of Mexico, and split up into half a dozen petty and contemptible States.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE FLOOD in Massachusetts will be continued next week.

AT DES MOINES, IOWA, is a pond near a paper-mill, and all the animals boarding in that pond are bleached white. What a blessing such a sheet of water would be if it were near the Capitol.

THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE thinks that the local traffic of the Texas and Pacific Railway will be immense, especially with the cattle trade; that it will really be a St. Louis road. In which we agree; but must add that it will be of greater benefit to commerce and civilization than to St. Louis. It will benefit New Orleans and Savannah, quite as much as it will Southern California.

MURAT HALSTEAD'S newspaper, the Cincinnati Commercial, says:

"FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED for May 16th has a cut of Colonel Thomas L. Young, of our city, which by some inadvertence is labeled Murat Halstead, and is accompanied by a biographical sketch of the latter named gentleman. LESLIE evidently had the misfortune to get copy mixed."

It may or may not be a misfortune for Mr. Halstead to resemble Colonel Young; but it is certain that the cut which we printed was a good portrait of Mr. Halstead, taken by our own photographer. The photograph was printed directly on the wood; and as we have no picture of Colonel Young in our establishment, we could not have presented one. Mr. Halstead has such a roaring sort of way of writing a joke, that one never knows when he is fooling or not.

THE SUPPLY OF MONEY in Cincinnati as elsewhere in the large cities is in excess of the wants of trade. There is almost a total absence of speculative feeling in everything except a few articles of produce, and in them it is light. People buy scarcely anything in excess of their immediate necessities, and therefore the volume of debts and credits is kept down, so that they do not have to employ much borrowed capital; this condition shows extreme caution, and it seems to be increasing rather than passing away, so that it is difficult for capitalists to find profitable employment for their means. The banks discounted the little paper offered them recently at 7@8 per cent., and prime to good mercantile paper was negotiated in the open market at 8@10 per cent.

TO A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "Faust," and who asks some questions *apropos* of an article on "Metropolitan Journalism," we have to say that we do not know anything certain about the life of Louis J. Jennings. Nor is it any of our business, or our correspondent's either. As for the *Tribune*, we suppose it is owned by Whitelaw Reid and his business friends. We do know the fact that the *Tribune* is gaining in circulation. A man with his eyes half-open, in cars and on boats, may see that. White law Reid is not the twin of Horace Greeley, and probably is not trying to be, any more than he is trying to succeed Carlyle or Victor Hugo. Greeley, like the two latter, was a great conscience. Reid is a practical journalist, and has more business ability than Greeley. In everything he is an entirely different man, just as Hamilton was a different man from Jefferson. He does not need to be anybody but himself in order to make a comely, enterprising and well-written national newspaper. Our correspondent's other questions are impertinent.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT was some time ago made that Tennyson was writing a tragedy, but that it would be too long for presentation on the stage. M. D. Conway, the London correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, writes about the matter: "I have for more than a month been finding virtue its own not quite satisfactory reward, by withholding from my letters an interesting bit of literary gossip, because it came to me in a private and personal way. A correspondent generally has to regret having yielded to such weakness, and that was my feeling when I read in this morning's *Athenaeum* the following paragraph: 'A rumor is current in society, which we give under all reserves, that one of our

chief poets has composed a historical tragedy, which, not impossibly, will be produced on the stage.' This being now divulged, perhaps I may venture, so far away as Cincinnati, to say that I have reason to believe that Mr. Tennyson is the poet referred to; that the subject of the tragedy is 'Mary Queen of Scots'; and that the Laureate will be advised by Mr. Tom Taylor as to the practical ways and means necessary for the adaptation of his work to the stage. I also believe that 'Old Drury' has been selected for this dramatic venture, which cannot fail to be the great theatrical event of our time."

CONNECTICUT DEMOCRATS seem neither to have succeeded nor failed in the nomination of a candidate for the United States Senatorship. Mr. William W. Eaton was born in Tolland, in 1817, and is accordingly 57 years of age. He is too well known in his State, as lawyer and politician, to need any extended biographical sketch. For years he has been recognized as the embodiment of the opposition to the Republican Party in Connecticut, and it was expected that when that opposition came into power he would receive his reward. An anti-war Democrat of the most pronounced type of copperheadism, he had the courage to avow his obnoxious sentiments openly during the war, when others who sympathized with him at the North were too cowardly to take the risks which he incurred. That he should be rewarded by the citizens of Connecticut for his disunionism by the best office in their gift is a summation that would have been considered as impossible ten years ago, as that Horace Greeley would ever be a Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Nevertheless, when the alternative was the election of Mr. Barnum, there will be a general satisfaction that the result has been as it is. Mr. Eaton is a representative Democrat, and probably no one will charge that his election was accomplished by corrupt means. That disgrace, at least, has been spared the State.

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT of the St. Louis *Republican* has information of what Senator Schurz proposes to do. He has no intention of forsaking Missouri, in any event, or to assume any position in journalism elsewhere. If he should fail of a re-election to the Senate, he will be "at home" at the editorial rooms of the *Westliche Post* after the 4th of next March, and no journalistic offer can tempt him to entertain the idea of leaving St. Louis, but he has no present intention of returning to the editorial desk. Mr. Schurz believes that the situation in Missouri is ripe for the inauguration of an independent anti-party, anti-monopoly movement of the people, on the broadest basis and under the most comprehensive declaration of principles. Himself unfettered by obligations, either partisan or personal, to any of the ruling powers; occupying a position that gives instant national import to his declarations, and attracts immediate and profound national attention to his utterances, he is justified in the belief that he can bear no impotent hand in fashioning the plans of the people, and speak with no uncertain tone in giving voice to the popular thought. He therefore proposes, as soon as the present session closes, to go to Missouri, and go to work to organize the forces which he is persuaded are ready for a triumphant onslaught upon all effete partyism, and only waiting for the signal of attack to sweep away the old and build up the new in politics. Mr. Schurz says that this information is unauthorized, but he does not deny its truth.

HENRY WATTERSON, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, is a strong, romantic character, a compound of Shelley and Sheridan. He has made his paper one of the strongest in the country, and he is reported to have said, when some one asked him why he wrote with so much dare-devility, that the *Courier-Journal* is the *Nation* of the Southwest. He has done his brave work while he has been a journalistic Justice-blind. Recently he has been in Washington, writing to his own paper, and he thinks that President Grant wants a third term. And not only so, but that the man who has toyed with parties and politicians has a purpose of mind and heart of becoming what the late Louis Napoleon was to France. There are, he says, but two remaining presidential possibilities—Washburne and Blaine. "The veto killed Morton as dead as a door-nail. It set Logan back a thousand years. Blaine is the brightest man in Congress—but what show will he have? Conkling is not in Grant's way. Thurman is a solemn respectability, cold and virtuous. Hendricks is an amiable commonplace. The Grangers are merely slate-smashers. The South is a cipher. Arkansas is nuts to Grant. Grant is the central figure of affairs. The Democrats are just strong enough to hold their own. Everything seems to favor Grant. A third term means revolution. There is but one honest man at Washington, and that is Ben Butler." So, in detachments, as he writes between sherry and champagne, while Kentucky knows only two great idols—Henry Watterson and Tom I'owling.

MODEST YOUNG LADIES may be informed that Europe is far in advance of us in matters of toilet, and that they may reform in some matters without doffing their graceful dresses. Long white trowsers for ladies are very much worn on the Continent. These trowsers should be quite plain for wearing in the daytime and in the street; but those for evening wear should be made of fine cambric or muslin, ornamented with embroidery, large insertion, or heavy rich lace frills or flounces, according to the taste and means of the lady herself. What could look prettier or more modest than to see a pretty, small-trowered foot in silk stockings, and a neat, sandaled shoe appearing under the skirt of a muslin dress, the ankles buried, as it were, in several rows of the lace frills or flounces of the cambric or muslin trowsers? Surely, also, when a young lady of eighteen or nineteen is dancing, it is more modest, as it is certainly more becoming, to see the limbs hidden in lace-frilled trowsers of cambric than in the present fashion. As I said, this mode is very much seen on the Continent, among French, Spaniards, and especially Russians. When at Barcelona, a few years ago, I remarked that every lady wore trowsers, some plain, some richly trimmed with lace

frills or flounces. Two or four inches of the trowsers were visible, setting off the small Spanish foot to perfection. I knew a pretty French lady who used to wear most becoming trowsers in the evening, which were made of very fine cambric or muslin, with rich lace frills up the calf of her leg, and insertion between each frill. The frills touched her instep, but the rest of her trowsers was visible under and through the transparent skirt of white muslin.

THAT EXTRAVAGANT GENIUS, George Alfred Townsend, has written up "Jones of Nevada" so: "His face is like a Dutch portrait in the style of Rembrandt's mellowest, with American eyes in it. The cheeks are bright red, with the color of currant clusters, seeming to expose a juicy red life in the blood, and for the rest are open-air brown, the whole a little voluptuous in contour, but lengthened out with a beard of rich Vandyke brown, where the thread or two of gray hangs like the morning cobweb on the red thorn bush. The eyes are hazel, carrying all expression, infatuated with humor, clear as precision, shining with the light of feeling, expanding with the glow of address. The hair tresses, satisfied that some time it must let the oils of precious spikenard evaporate, but as yet they give it hue. A trifling chub in the body, as if he bosses all jobs with the knees, the belly, the eyes and the elbows, hallooing to his workmen meantime, and too strong to be always elegant—this was Jones. His speech is full, with a harmony, suggestiveness and temperament which respond to discussion, advance with it, and illuminate himself by the new mental coalitions which produce the spark of thought and enterprise. Almost redundant, strong, lucid, humorous, convivial, abundant in anecdotes and illustrations, and with that rushing spirit which anticipates the end of a book and puts it aside after passing the ridge of the argument, he makes one fear that he may exhaust, not his contents, but his intentions, like some improvisator who composes so well without forethought that his works make no monument. Here was a man with the fervor of Garibaldi, the luck of Monte Cristo, the hard Welsh sense of Henry Morgan, the volatility of Dickens. His reading was quaint from the newest taste, from Julius Verne to Stuart Mill."

THE GREAT FLOOD.

VILLAGES IN THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY DESTROYED, AND ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE LIVES LOST.

[From our own Correspondent.]

THE towns destroyed by the great flood in Hampshire County, Mass., were situated on Mill River, which empties into the Connecticut, near Mount Tom, at Northampton. Williamsburg, the first town two miles below the reservoir, was about ten miles northwest of Northampton, on Mill River. The region is picturesque, and Mr. Beecher often alludes to it in his story of "Norwood." Williamsburg, the largest of the four places destroyed, had 3,000 inhabitants, and extensive manufactories of iron-castings, machinery, woolen-goods and carriages. The New Haven and Northampton Railroad traverses the valley. Five miles below Williamsburg was Haydenville, famous for its gold-pen manufactories, which employed hundreds of skilled workmen. Four miles further south was Leeds, village lying on low ground, not far from Northampton, but a bend in the river saved it from total destruction.

The reservoir which caused the calamity was built in the highlands, 200 feet above the valley. It covered a district about a mile square, and the water was from thirty to forty feet deep. Owing to an unusual fall of rain the water rose to the top of the walls and ran over the dam. The only outlet below was an iron pipe three feet in diameter which opened and closed with a screw gate.

A little before 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, May 16th, William Cheaney the gate-keeper of this reservoir, saw the water bursting through an opening in the dam. He rushed out and opened the head-gate, then saddled a horse and sped down the valley to warn the villagers below. Cheaney reached Williamsburg in fifteen minutes. Collins Graves, a milkman, was one of the first to hear the news. He jumped into his wagon and started for the other towns, lashing his horse and shouting, "The water is coming—run for your lives!" Church-bells were rung and the factory hands warned. At Skinnerville the water was only five minutes behind him, and at Haydenville the people had scarcely a minute for escape. Other messengers took up the cry and dashed down to Leeds. The milkman was warning the factory operatives in Haydenville when he heard the roaring of the waters, and he had barely reached a bank by the roadside when the flood swept by. At first no water could be seen, but a pile of drift-wood forty feet high came thundering down as if driven by a tornado. Factories, railway stations, banks, dwellings, hotels, bridges, immense structures of masonry, disappeared in a moment. In three minutes after Cheaney gave the alarm at Williamsburg, fifty-three lives were lost. Here the waters struck in their great fury, and rising to the roofs like a wall of sur, they covered the town and utterly destroyed it. The little village of Skinnerville, between this place and Haydenville, was swept out of existence like as though it were but a clump of toy houses.

At Haydenville preparations were made to hold services on the following day, in memory of Lieutenant-Governor Hayden, who died in November, and a large quantity of flowers had been received from Boston with which to decorate the church. The minister was to refer to the town which was named after him as his most enduring monument. With scarcely a minute's warning the village was swept away. A chimney and a portion of a wall were all that remained of Hayden's large brass foundry. A pile of drift-wood, 30 feet high, struck it with terrible force. A large steam-boiler was carried half a mile and deposited in front of a house on elevated ground. The wooden buildings that did not go to pieces at once floated off like corks. More than forty bodies were recovered in this town. At Leeds only three houses were left on the east side of the river. Mrs. Quigley, her two daughters, and Miss Marble, a school-teacher, had just finished breakfast. Hearing the approaching flood, they ran to the top story of the wing adjoining the main house, which was almost immediately washed away, and only a thin partition separated them from the tide. While looking at the fearful torrent through their windows, a neighbor and his family came floating by on a roof, when the brave ladies reached out and pulled

them in. The damage at this place is estimated at \$200,000. The silk mills, button factory, and many dwellings, were destroyed. The distance from the reservoir to Leeds is about eight miles. The water of the reservoir, a mile square and forty feet deep, was forced through a gorge nowhere wider than the reservoir for a distance of five miles in less than thirty minutes. The first fall from the reservoir to the valley was 200 feet. The rate of travel of the first wave was not less than twenty miles an hour. The result was the destruction of fifty dwelling-houses, twenty factories and mills, and a hundred and fifty human bodies were buried under the debris. A thousand working people have been rendered either wholly destitute or have been deprived of all means of earning a livelihood.

One of the most plausible statements as to the cause of the disaster is that the frost had started the earth so that the water had found numerous little courses through it, which finally carried off the first mass of earth on Saturday morning, and at once precipitated the catastrophe. The gate-keeper had at various times feared a break, from the fact that a stream of water flowed constantly through the bottom of the gateway, while there were also a number of small streams, some of them quite minute, along the bottom on either side of the centre.

The damages at Florence and Northampton were slight, amounting to only a few thousand dollars.



MAP OF THE FLOODED COUNTRY, IN HAMPSHIRE COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS.

A most wonderful rescue, and probably the only one of an adult person from the flood itself, at Leeds, was that of Mrs. Mary C. Harding. She was at work on the second floor of the silk factory when the alarm was given, and hardly had she reached the ground when the shout was raised, "Run across the bridge." She started, leading the whole company, but soon the cries were, "Come back," and "Don't go over." It was too late for Mrs. Harding though. She was on the bridge, and going back was as dangerous as going forward. She ran, and no sooner had she and, perhaps, half a dozen others reached the further shore, than the drift-wood struck the bridge, which went down with a crash, carrying with it six or seven girls and women who were too late. The woman kept on running for Ross's store, while her companions, who had crossed the bridge, entered a boarding-house. She passed a little gate near the bridge, and just got through the larger gate below the steps leading to the store, when the water rushed up, carried off the gate and threw her down near the lower stair. Fortunately, two men were on the bank, and she was drawn up just as the steps went off, and the three had to seek safety higher up the shore. She only, of the thirteen who started over the bridge, was saved.

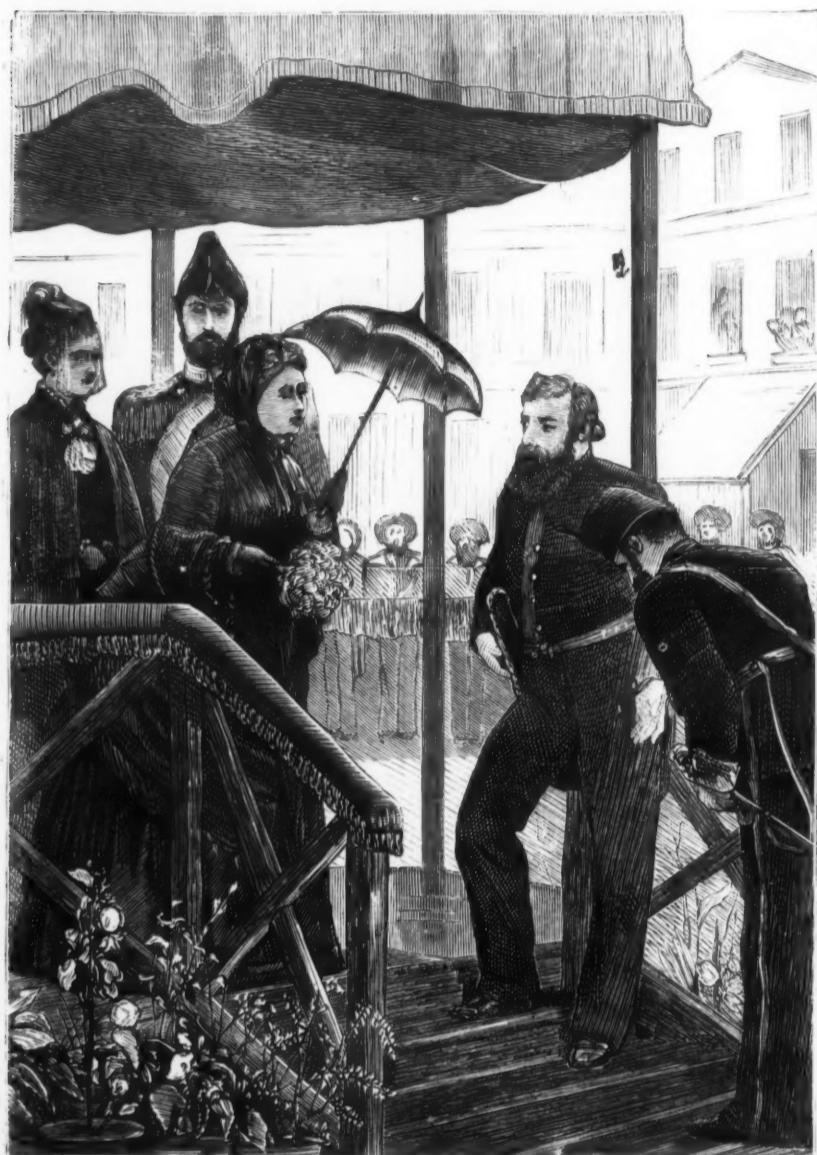
Nothing remains at the reservoir except the stone-work running at right angles with the dam at the bottom which inclosed the gateway. In the very bed of the stream nothing is left, and where the water now flows harmlessly along the ancient channel, not a stone remains, from top to bottom. A small portion of the eastern part of the reservoir, and a large section of the western, still remain; in all, perhaps a sixth of the original extent—broken and jagged on the edges. Above, the eye sweeps over the bed of the reservoir, a tract of one hundred and eleven acres, covering the south-easterly corner of the town of Williamsburg, near the Conway lines. This land, nestled among the hills, is for the greater part tolerably level, sloping of course more or less on every side; and dotted over a large part of its surface with the stumps of trees that formerly occupied it.

Below the reservoir the spectacle is most impressive. The vast mass of water suddenly let loose and dashing down the narrow valley has wrought such devastation as one would not have believed possible without it. The very bed of the stream has in places been cut many feet below its original course, and for a long distance the valley is dotted, and sometimes crammed, with huge rocks torn from the wall of the reservoir, while the trees that in many places lined its banks have quite vanished, and those that marked the outer edge of the torrent are tattered and torn.

The feature that most impresses one about the ruins is the smallness of the stone wall when compared with the immense extent of water the reservoir held. The wall was understood to be eight feet thick at the base: on measuring a section of it, however, as it stood intact some ten feet above the bed of the stream, it lacked about three inches of being six feet across. The upper third of the wall, as one looks across the chasm at what remains on the eastern side, cannot fail to strike the average observer, possessing only the information and judgment of common sense, as seriously lacking in thoroughness and stability.

We give illustrations of the flood striking Williamsburg; of the scene at Mr. Skinner's residence, at Skinnerville; the destruction of the brass-works at Haydenville; a house saved by an apple-tree; and the scenes at Leeds and Haydenville.

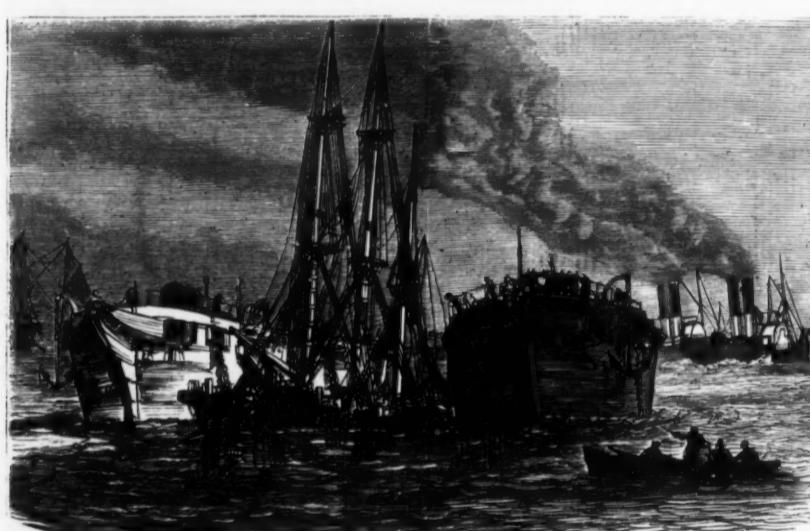
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 187.



ENGLAND.—REVIEW AT GOSPORT BY HER MAJESTY OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE FROM ASHANTEE—PRESENTATION BY MR. WARD HUNT OF COLONEL FESTING, ON WHOM THE ORDER OF K.C.M.G. WAS CONFERRED.



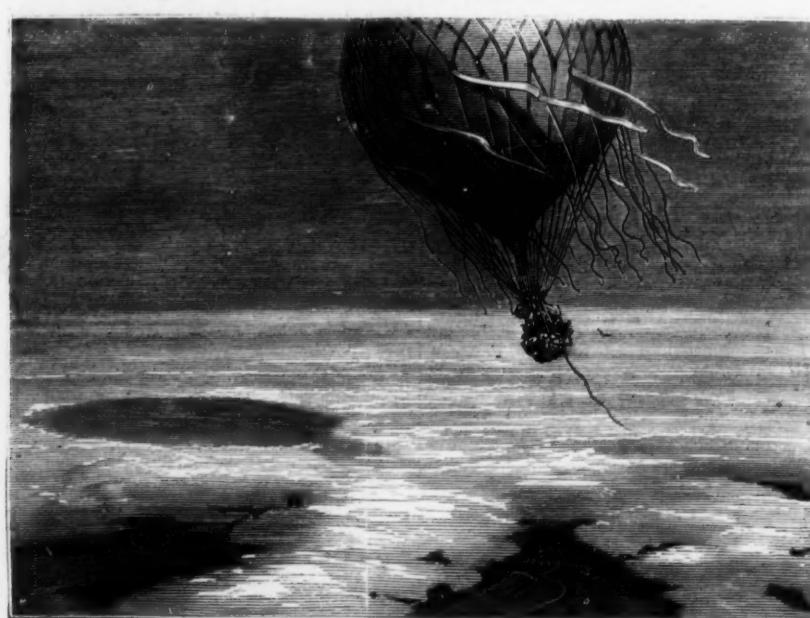
INDIA.—THE BENGAL FAMINE—WOMEN GRINDING CORN.



ENGLAND.—RAISING A SUNKEN INDIAN SHIP FROM THE THAMES, NEAR GRAVESEND.



SPAIN.—WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "QUEEN ELIZABETH" AT CALAPARRA, NEAR GIBRALTAR.



PARIS.—SCIENTIFIC ASCENSION BY MM. CROCE, SPINELLI AND SIVEL—SCENE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.



JAPAN.—A FOOTBALL MATCH AT YOKOHAMA.

HON. JOHN P. JONES, U. S. SENATOR.

THE TRUE STORY OF "JONES OF NEVADA."

HON. JOHN P. JONES, the new Senator from Nevada, was born in Hereford County, England, near the boundary line of Wales, in the year 1828. His father, a man of considerable force and originality of thought, emigrated to this country some forty years ago. He settled with his family in Cleveland, O., and carried on the marble business there until his death, three years ago. John P. Jones received the ordinary education of an American boy in the public schools of that city.

Young Jones, in company with his brother Henry, sailed for California in September, 1849, and landed there early in 1850. His first experience in mining was at the north fork of the Feather River. Thence he went to Marysville; thence to Poor Man's Creek, stopping a few days in camp; and then, with the restlessness of early days, setting out for new scenes.

In Autumn he was in Tuolumne. After mining there and in Calaveras for nearly two years with varied success, he went to Trinity County. Like thousands of his class at the time, cities had no attraction for him. Where the country was the wildest, the danger greatest, in the newest camp, and where report promised the greatest reward, there were to be found the brightest and boldest spirits. In 1853 he went back to Tuolumne, and entered into some large mining enterprises, which, for a time, were very profitable. Fortune, however, deserted him; he lost all, and became involved in debt. In 1855 he returned to Trinity, and out of his first earnings made money enough to pay off his Tuolumne creditors to the last cent.

Soon after his return to Trinity he was elected a Justice of the Peace, and, while he based his decisions generally on the equities of the cases tried before him, he studied enough law to clothe them in such legal forms that dissatisfied lawyers could not upset them. A year later we find him Sheriff of his county.

While he was in Trinity County, an Indian war broke out, and Jones, as a volunteer, did good service in taming the savage aborigines and in protecting white men's rights. Jones had some very narrow escapes of his life. On one occasion he, with fifteen other volunteers, was surrounded by a large force of Indians, where they were cut off from water for sixteen hours, several being killed and wounded; and all would have perished had they not received assistance from the main body.

From the Shreveport and Indian fighting, Jones went back to mining, and, like most of his class, lived for years in a snug log cabin on a steep mountain side, at night poring over such books as in those days found their way into the almost inaccessible mountains of Trinity; by day, with the hammer, drill and pick, in shaft and tunnel, with unfaltering hope and cheerful toil, he wrought in the semi-darkness of a miner's lamp for that gold whose power, value and virtue he has since so eloquently described in the Senate Chamber of the United States.

Jones lived with his fellow-miners as one of them. He shared some of their pastimes, as he shared their dangers and toil. His love of pleasure, however, never bore down his love of study.

Of course, when miners and others met in consultation or debate, Jones, being the fullest man, generally had something good to say, and was always called for. Hence, he became a ready man, and having to deal with audiences who were too honest and outspoken to bear boring, he learned to



HON. JOHN P. JONES, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEVADA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY O'NEILL, N. Y. CITY.

use few words and make his discourse epigrammatic and entertaining. Wherever he might be he was a great book-buyer, often spending his week's earnings in this way.

Naturally enough it came about that when in 1861 Trinity miners wanted to send a Senator to Sacramento, they thought of Jones. In the Legislature for four years he did his work quietly, without fuss, honestly, and without fear or favor. Gradually it stole over the minds of the people of the State

that this honest miner, so modest and unassuming, had never said a word on the wrong side, had never said a word too much, and seemed to know what he was about. Jones of Trinity became a familiar name in Republican circles.

When Gorham was nominated for Governor, Jones was selected for the second place on the ticket, the Lieutenant-Governorship. He was popular from one end of the Mother Lode of California quartz to the other, and was known by name to

every Republican from the seashore to the ridge of the Sierras, and had an unblemished reputation. The defeat of the Republican Party was complete, and the Democrats carried all before them.

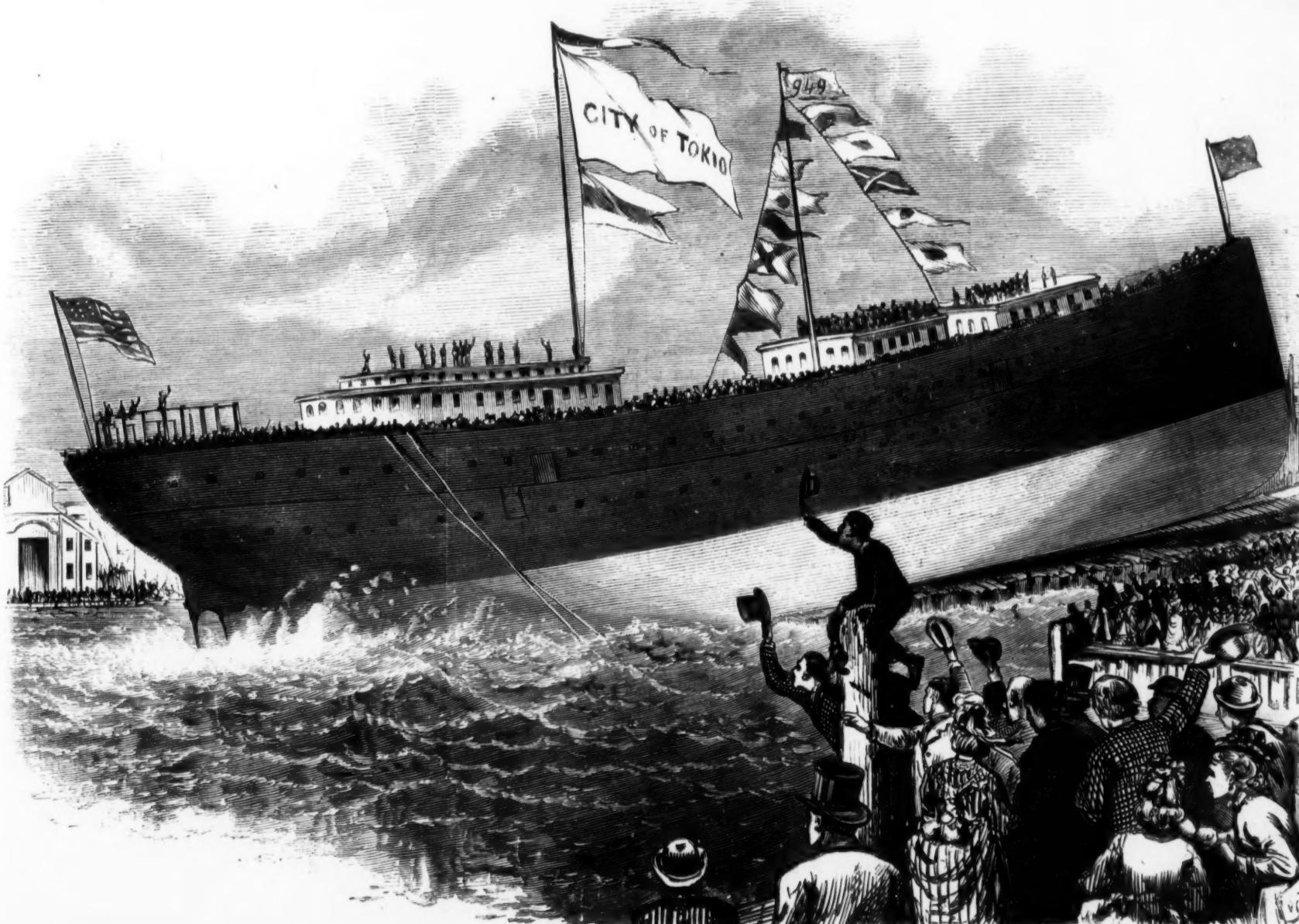
Jones found himself the day after the election with a little mining property in Trinity, a loving wife, some household furniture, and what to him then was a heavy load of debt, incurred in this hottest of all California gubernatorial campaigns.

Alvinza Hayward had discovered in Jones the kind of man he wanted to superintend the Crown Point and Kentuck Mines, which were hardly holding their own on the Comstock, though they had in previous years paid what were then thought to be excellent dividends. Jones accepted the position, with its handsome salary and many other advantages, and went to Gold Hill, Nevada.

On the Comstock, old mining superintendents, mill-owners, and even underground men, looked rather coldly on the "politician from Trinity." Gradually his fellow-superintendents found, first, that Jones was a gentleman; second, that though his experience was Californian, he knew how to mine. By-and-by his men came to know him better; they liked his straightforwardness, his few words, his strong will and pleasant ways. He seemed to them more like one of themselves than the dashing, finely-dressed and bejeweled superintendents who were not unknown on the lode. These men afterwards learned to love him, for he and they had passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and struggled for life with destructive flames and poisonous gases, side by side, at the time of the fire in Crown Point, Yellow Jacket and Kentuck mines.

After the worst effects of the fire were removed, it was found that there were some of the middle levels that could not be safely worked, and the lowest were yet undeveloped. Assessments, first to meet the extraordinary expenses of the fire, and then to prospect at greater depth, were in order. The stock fell from \$80 to \$2.50. Everything looked gloomy, and it was feared the stockholders would tire of paying before the question was solved whether there was paying ore at 1,100 feet, or the ground was worked out. Jones sought every way to hasten the solving of the problem. He did solve it six months before the answer was expected. He and his friends bought stock, every day, everywhere, and at any price, for he found he had under his charge the richest mine then known in the world. Jones, from being worth \$20,000 or \$30,000, soon found himself with an income of over a million a year. The Crown Point was the foundation of his fortune; but other fortunate and judicious investments have since made that but one of several sources of revenue.

Jones had money, enough not only for himself, but to do some good in the world, and one use that he put his money to was to furnish, out of his own purse, the sinews of war to elect a Republican Legislature in the State of Nevada. The majority of the Legislature, in return for his patriotism and party zeal, voted for him for United States Senator, and the minority made his election unanimous. Some disappointed politicians sneered at him as the man who had become Senator by the use of money. He answered thus, while thanking the Legislature for his election: "I believe the verdict of the people at the late election to have been the most spontaneous expression of their sentiments ever given in Nevada. While I have the honest satisfaction of being able to look every citizen of the State boldly in the eye, with the consciousness of never having attempted to degrade his citizenship, question his integrity, or insult his honor, I readily acknowledge that money



CHESTER, PA.—LAUNCH OF THE STEAMER "CITY OF TAKIO," OF THE P. M. S. CO., FROM ROACH'S YARD, MAY 13TH.—SKETCHED BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 185.

was used in the campaign, but not corruptly. It was used legitimately and rightfully. The popular espousal of my candidature alienated men and institutions of wealth, power and influence, who had heretofore been generous patrons of the Republican Party, and checked numerous sources of supply and turned them to channels which flowed into and filled the exchequer of the opposition. These powerful influences encouraged and promoted discord within the organization; there was peril without; there was craft, intimidation and treachery on every hand, endangering alike the success of the party and the interests of the community. If through party or personal zeal I volunteered to stand in the breach caused by the desertion of others, and bear the brunt of the fight and the heat and burden of the day, I trust, while I arrogate to myself no virtue for so doing, that others will not impute it to me as a crime."

Jones's campaign in Nevada, which carried the State for Grant and the Republicans, was in the Summer of 1872, a whole year before Governor Booth made his great oration at Platt's Hall, and declared war on subsidized corporations. Jones's speech to the legislature, in January, 1873, from which we have quoted, was but a *résumé* of what he had declared over and over again during the contest.

And these are his pledges: "As a Senator of the nation, I will not vote for the appropriation of a dollar out of the public treasury, except for the maintenance of the public faith and credit, and for purely governmental purposes and the attainment of the objects for which this Government was created. I will not vote for a subsidy of land, money, bonds or credit, to either individuals or corporations. I will not vote for any hotbed scheme for the development of our resources," because I believe their development to be more healthy when made solely by private enterprise, under the all-sufficient stimulus of private interest; and I further believe that such propositions are not generally made for the public good, but in the interest of public plunderers."

He concluded that speech with these prophetic words: "This is the assurance I would have my constituents hold patiently and undisturbed, however long I may sit in the national Capitol voiceless at the gate of absent opportunity—that whenever an issue arises in which the interests of the people rest in the one scale and aught that conflicts with them in the other, my voice and my vote shall be given for the cause of the people, though that voice be echoless and that vote alone."

He had for over a year been "voiceless at the gate of absent opportunity," but when it came, his voice was heard and his vote was given on the side of the people and national honor.

Senator Jones married a daughter of Judge Thomas Conger, of Sacramento, some years ago. This lady died about three years since, leaving behind her one son, now five years old, who is being brought up by his grandmother and aunt at Gold Hill. Senator Jones's other two sisters are married, and reside in the East.

Those who have enjoyed the wonderful conversational powers of Senator Jones, who have listened with rapt attention to his flights of eloquence, his impassioned strains of beautiful imagery (mixed with what Victor Hugo would call "Titanic blows of solid and convincing reasoning"), chide him for the modesty that so long held him silent in the debates of the Senate. But when at last he did speak, men knew that they were listening to one of the readiest debaters in the land. He is the successor both of Douglas and of John Randolph.

THE YELLOW BOUDOIR.

CHAPTER I.—JANET NAOMI CAMPBELL.

"CAPTAIN OSCAR LINDFIELD!" said Miss Campbell in a startled voice, suddenly laying down a letter she was reading. She did not speak for some minutes, and sat brooding over the note, which contained an invitation to visit a certain house in the country; the name of one of the invited guests being that of Captain Lindfield, which she had read with marked astonishment, as though she had some familiarity with it that was painful.

"Am I to write and accept the invitation?" I asked.

"Yes, Angèle," replied Miss Campbell, with a sigh, "you may write and say that I will accept it, and that you will accompany me."

"What is the address?"

"Take the letter and you will see."

The address was Dangerfield Hall, near Dunmow, Essex. The expected guests were numerous; the gentlemen being invited for hunting or shooting purposes, and the ladies for such pleasures as are afforded by a large country house, where the means and hospitality of the host are matters of note, and all the associations are agreeable.

I had seen with interest the tone in which Miss Campbell had read the name of Oscar Lindfield, with whom I was personally unacquainted; but the note of invitation had especial interest for me, as it referred to a certain Diana Eliot, who, with her aunt, was expected to make a long visit. Diana and I were old friends, having been educated at the same school, and corresponded with fair regularity ever since the day of our separation, some four or more years ago. I remarked this name and that of Oscar Lindfield, I say, and it was because Miss Campbell had observed the latter in the list of expected guests that she had hesitated some while, turning slightly pale at the same instant, before giving me directions to accept the invitation. It was not long before I was destined to hear the nature of the interest excited by the name of Oscar Lindfield.

Miss Campbell was a very rich lady—I might say young lady—and I was, and had been for some years, her companion. She was the only daughter of a Jewish physician, who had realized an immense fortune by some patent medicine—Campbell's Pills, Campbell's Elixir, were world-known medicines. Her father had bequeathed to her the immense fortune he had amassed by his attention to the stomach of the universe (his advertisements were on the great wall of China and on the pinnacles of a cemetery near New York,) and the business of health inspirer as well, which on his death was more lucrative than ever. Miss Campbell, wisely considering that she had not the necessary business knowledge for conducting this affair, immediately disposed of it to a company for a sum of money which was another fortune. I have said that Mr. Campbell was a Jewish physician: but he was obviously lax in his faith, as his daughter had been educated as a Protestant. Indeed, Campbell *père* was, I believe, little better than a Pagan. He had set up the golden calf for worship; he had worshipped it with vast success all his life; and his daughter, from the sale of pills and elixirs, was one of the richest unmarried women in London. After Mr. Campbell's death, in Bedford Square, Janet Naomi Campbell took up her abode at Mayfair; but even here the reputation of her father clung to

her, and she found it hard to forget, and to cause others to forget, the pills and the elixirs which had formed the basis of her gigantic fortune.

It was shortly after her father's death that I was introduced to her with a view to become her companion, and, alas, also to complete her education, for, wealthy as Janet was, she was deplorably ignorant as well.

It might seem to Campbell *père*—who was an eccentric, and, in spite of his medical title, an uneducated man—that she was one of those few lucky personages who can afford to be ignorant. I did my best to amend past negligence, and though Miss Campbell was some years older than myself, she proved a ready, apt, and duly grateful pupil.

I should be wrong in describing Miss Campbell as strictly beautiful, though she had many and striking claims to consideration in her countenance, its type being decidedly Jewish—in the darkness of its full eye, in the shape of the rich lips, and in the masses of dark hair. But when I first knew her, her face had already a worn look for her years. We became good friends soon. She was at times very confident; at others, singularly reticent. I attributed this not only to her disposition, but to her inexperience of life and the indifferent education she had received. It was, of course, a matter of some surprise to me that she had not married; her fortune and her looks would have sufficed. I thought, to have brought lovers, admirers, and aspirants for her hand around her, even though her parentage and its queer associations might, with many, have weighed heavily against her chances. By occasional hints from her, and by the remarks of servants, I learned that before I entered her household there had been something of a love story of which she was the heroine, and that it had terminated unhappily. I knew that Miss Campbell brooded over this disaster, and I believe that the worn look in her face was one of its results. Recalling to mind all that I had heard and all that I had noticed, I came to the conclusion—irresistible as the force with which it seized me as I wrote this letter of acceptance to Mrs. Forbes's invitation—that Oscar Lindfield, whose name, when she read it, had visibly affected her, was directly associated with the love story of Janet Naomi Campbell.

"Have you written the letter?"

"Yes, Miss Campbell. If you still hesitate, I can burn it."

"No; we will go."

It is now necessary that I should say a few words regarding myself, Angèle-Marie Desormes, and my story shall be as short as I can make it.

My father was a Frenchman, my mother an Englishwoman. Until my tenth year I resided at Lyons and Paris. About that time my father, who was a silk merchant, and partner of a large French firm, came to London to establish a business in connection with those which were carried on at Lyons and Paris. We took up our residence at Pembridge Square, Bayswater, in wealthy, if not opulent, circumstances. After having several governesses at home, I went to a fashionable school at Brighton, and lived there some years, receiving a very expensive education, until I was seventeen years of age. Then circumstances sadly and quickly altered with me. The Lyons house failed. Its failure was followed by that in Paris; and the London firm, in which my father had the largest share, failed too. It was a wreck of home, position, wealth. Thus fortune, with one "fell swoop," made havoc of our means. There was no possibility of rising from the disaster. The news was broken to me gently at school, and the letter which conveyed the sad intelligence stated that I must leave the school immediately; the writer, in perhaps mistaken kindness, endeavoring to hide the real bearing of the case from me—depend for the future upon my own resources for a livelihood.

I and my friend Diana Eliot read the letter again and again. I cried very much; Diana did not; but kissed me eagerly as we read and interpreted the sad news. I am glad she did not cry, for she gave me courage. I felt that I could not be a coward when that brave girl was near me.

The first stunning shock over, I surveyed my capabilities. How was I equipped for the course which, under the iron stress of circumstances, I was bound to take? I was master of English, French, German and Italian. I could draw well; my masters said, with an artistic skill which is rarely seen in a woman; and there was no need that I should affect to consider this a mere compliment. Estimating my powers then, it was easy for me to see that I could take the position of governess, and command a higher rate of remuneration than the majority of women or girls who find themselves placed in such straits. My first intention was to leave this school, and seek an engagement elsewhere. This was overruled; for an opening occurred here, through the dismissal of one of the governesses. So I resolved to stifle my pride, and take it. Diana Eliot was with me when I accepted the offer, and her face lit with enthusiasm because I had not allowed any false pride to prevent me from taking a position as paid servant in a school where I had been known as the wealthy Mademoiselle Desormes, and then petted and made much of accordingly.

"If there is one thing I like, it is what is vulgarly called pluck," said Diana. "Ninety-nine girls out of a hundred would have left, Angèle, and taken their services where they were unknown. I love you a thousand times more than I ever did for your courage. I hate, Angèle—I hate a coward!"

The brave, beautiful girl might have been the impersonation of courage; and as I listened to her words, I little guessed how far the spirit which had dictated them was destined in the future to influence her in one of the most important crises of her life.

I remained at this school until the death of its proprietress, when I became companion to Miss Campbell. In this office I was, through the invitation of Mrs. Forbes of Dangerfield Hall, brought within the probability of seeing my old school companion, Diana, once more. I looked forward to this meeting with interest, but I can hardly suppose with the same interest as that with which Miss Campbell looked forward to seeing Oscar Lindfield again. The next day I heard from Diana Eliot; and the most startling item of intelligence in her letter was of her engagement to Oscar Lindfield and made much of accordingly.

In a few days we left London for Dangerfield Hall. Many of Mr. Forbes's expected guests had already arrived, and amongst them Diana Eliot.

"Angèle," she said in a whisper, as she gave me a warm embrace, "I don't think I shall be much happier when Oscar comes."

I subsequently understood from her that Captain Lindfield was expected in the evening. As soon as I could get away from Miss Campbell I closed myself with her, eager to hear all that had passed since she and I had last met.

"And so you are engaged, Diana?"

"Yes; as I told you, to Captain Oscar Lindfield. Our engagement has only been a matter of about two months."

"So of course you have had no lovers' quarrels yet?" I said, laughing.

"Not yet, I can assure you, Angèle."

"And how long have you known Mr. Lindfield?"

"Four months—since his arrival from India!"

"India?"

"Yes. His regiment was there some years, and he returned with it about four months ago. We met first at Brighton—my aunt, who was acquainted with his mother, having introduced me to him. You remember, Angèle, when I was at school that I said I should marry a soldier (if I ever married,) and the first person who openly threw me the handkerchief of his favor was Captain Lindfield. But it was no silly admiration for a red coat, I can assure you, which led me to accept him. You always said I was an odd girl, and I dare say I am. I ought to have been born four or five hundred years ago—in the days of tournaments! I should like to have presided at the lists, and awarded the prize to the bravest. And, Angèle, of all the celebrated women in history, Joan of Arc is my favorite; and I am very partial, heretic that I am, to Semiramis. I am sure my regard for Charlotte Corday would almost put me within the pale of the law. And this is not because I am at all republican."

"You have not altered a bit, Diana."

"I think I could have gone with Miss Nightingale to the Crimea if I had been old enough, though I would much rather have gone as a soldier disguised. Those young ladies who in the old romances went disguised as pages to wait on their sweethearts are great favorites of mine. Sometimes I fancy nature made a mistake, and really intended me to be a vivandière! I am never quite happy unless I am living in a garrison town; there is something in the beat of a drum and the bugle-call which stirs me, like, as the romancers say, new wine! My poor Angèle, how shocked you look!"

"Shocked, Diana? It is far from that."

"You remember my nickname at school—*La Petite Caporal*: bad French, but complimentary to me in a fashion. Have you forgotten, when the girls at old Carver's were bullying little Howett, how I knocked one down in fair combat; how I called old Carver a slave-driver for bullying young Simpson, only because her father could not pay her last quarter's account, as he had been made bankrupt—unseemly conduct, for which I was ordered to copy out the whole of Racine's *Athalie*! So, now knowing what I am, you can see some of the causes which led to my accepting Oscar Lindfield."

"But you love Oscar Lindfield?" I said.

"Yes, I love him," she replied. Her half-earnest, her jocular tone of address died in a moment. Her face became serious and calm, her manner subdued, but invested with a charm, heightened possibly by the contrast it presented to her earlier mood, which was irresistibly winning.

"Yes, I love Oscar," she repeated.

"I am glad you love him," I said fervently.

"Do you think I could marry any man without loving him?"

"No!"

"Neither would I without respecting him, Angèle; for however much I might love him—love him, you understand—I would not for any earthly consideration marry him unless he could exact, nay, command, my profound, my unshaken respect."

I thought of Miss Campbell, and of the suspicions which I had entertained of her and of her intimacy with Oscar; asking myself whether it was not my duty to make known to Diana what I had surmised of Miss Campbell's late relationship with him. After some consideration I thought I had best not speak. That Miss Campbell knew Oscar was a conviction which I could get rid of by no argument whatever; her emphatic and startled method of reading his name, as it appeared in the list of invited guests to Dangerfield, and Mrs. Forbes's letter, being abundantly conclusive on this point. But had I as yet any sure ground for the hypothesis that it was Oscar who was associated with her love-story? Possibly I had enough to satisfy myself; but I was certainly without evidence of sufficient weight to justify me in making known my surmises to another, especially to Diana, if I regarded the position in which she stood to Captain Lindfield. The important and central facts, too, of the story were wanting to me, even granting that my surprise had on some points been right.

So, duly considering the matter in its bearings, so far as they were yet revealed to me, I thought I should be wise to delay communicating my suspicions to Diana, for a while at least.

To describe the beauty of Diana with the pen adequately I should fail: no photograph that I have ever seen has done even partial justice to it; and this is not because it presented some rare assemblage of characteristics which make an especial appeal to the essentially artistic taste. With some haughtiness were associated frankness, and certain signs of her having a passionate, loving, and even affectionately clinging nature. These mingled characteristics were to me Diana's great charm. Her hair was brown, shot here and there with gold; not plentifully but radiantly, as though some sunbeams had concentrated their brightness on one intense spot. Her figure, which had no pretensions to height, was well formed and supple; but with such a face before him the gazer would be exacting indeed if he made demand for any further beauties.

"And so Captain Lindfield is expected this evening!"

"Yes. It was originally his intention to accompany us. I may as well tell you that he is very handsome."

"I quite believe it."

"Ah, Angèle, he is handsomer than most men. I must content myself with saying this. I am sure you will like him."

"And the marriage—when is that to take place?"

"Oh, we haven't thought of that."

"I am sure, from what you say, you will be unlike most young ladies, and will not keep him always at your side."

"You are quite right. He is invited by my cousin, Mr. Forbes—ah, what a dear fellow my cousin is!—to hunt and shoot; and I shall expect him to bag plenty of birds and take plenty of hedges. In the latter sport I shall be his companion. There's the first bell for dinner! We must go down almost directly. But you have scarcely spoken of yourself."

"I have no history, Diana. Fate has made me the companion of Miss Campbell, who is very kind to me, and supplies me with everything I need."

"Miss Campbell was the dark Jewish-looking woman, wasn't she? I am afraid I didn't like her. But for your sake I will overcome my prejudice, Angèle—mentioning my cousin a few moments ago, a curious wish came into my head. He is, as I implied, the dearest fellow in the world; and I wish he would fall in love with you! Then you would be mistress of this wonderful old hall, which we must explore one day, and you would be able to leave the Jewess. Now we'll go to the drawing-room. I am very hungry, even though Oscar hasn't come."

We descended to the drawing-room. On our way to it we passed through a large hall, where a billiard-table was standing, and around which several gentlemen were collected. I was introduced to two or three.

"All our friends have not yet come," said Mr. Forbes, when he had again shaken hands with me.

"And I fear Captain Lindfield is the only one we may expect to-night. Three or four will arrive tomorrow—one a perfect stranger to me, a Mr. Acadia, only just returned from India. My cousin tells me that you are quite an old friend of hers, Madame Desormes!"

"Yes; we are old school companions."

"And of course she has told you all about Captain Lindfield?"

"Yes," I answered, laughing; "and I look forward to his arrival with a good deal of interest."

"You must curb your impatience until nine o'clock."

Diana had prepared me to be favorably impressed by her cousin, and I found that he was a man whom it was impossible not to like. He was a frank, courteous, unassuming English gentleman; and though his years had not verged upon middle age, he had certainly taken farewell of his youth, while yet the shadow of its charm lingered upon him. He instinctively and immediately inspired trust. I felt early that I could wish for no better, no firmer friend than he.

It was Charles Forbes who took me into dinner, having given Miss Campbell in charge of a gentleman with whom she was acquainted. The compliment implied to my dependent position was graceful and considerate. The dinner over, I retired with the other ladies to the drawing-room, and seated myself near Diana. It was nearly nine o'clock before the gentlemen joined us. Some of them lingered behind in the hall at the billiard-table, and the click of the balls, as the door opened to admit the entrance of those who affected our society, mingled with the music of the piano, which Diana was playing. She suddenly ceased playing, and looked at her watch.

"You are eager to see Oscar," I whispered.

"I am," she replied, with brightening eyes. "You might infer that from the stupid way I was playing. Orpheus with his lute charmed Eurydice from a certain place. I wish this piano was like his."

"There's Captain Lindfield," I heard Mr. Forbes say, as a bell just then sounded loudly. Diana arose. I looked round at Miss Campbell, who was standing near the fireplace, her face, with a look of expectation on it, turned towards the door. Her dark complexion had paled slightly. Captain Lindfield entered quietly the next moment, and Mr. Forbes went forward to meet him.

"The train was late; indeed it broke down on the road," he said, as, having shaken hands with Mr. Forbes and his mother, he looked round eagerly for Diana. Finding her, he made his way to where she was standing. He had not yet noticed Miss Campbell.

"At last, Diana!"

"Oscar!"

Their hands pressed. A flush passed over Diana's face; and then, as he seated himself by her, I was briefly introduced to him. He glanced the next minute towards Miss Campbell, who had yet been unnoticed by him.

The eyes of the two met at last, and after some hesitation, and a look of great disquietude, he arose and approached her.

"I heard that you were expected, Captain Lindfield," she said, quietly. "Have you long returned from India?"

I had not been introduced to him long before—I loved him! Yes, loved him. My father's position—wealthy as he was—had not been of a nature to bring around me men of much repute or consideration. Oscar Lindfield was the first gentleman I was ever introduced to. With his good looks—and your observation of him to-night must have shown you how handsome he is—his manners, contrasting as they did with the vulgar manners and the coarse associations of my father's friends, had—and you cannot wonder at it—their more than due weight with me. Nor was this all. Oscar loved me! Loved me, I say; and if his own lips denied it now, I would not believe him. And we were engaged. For some months I enjoyed, for the first time in my dull life (all the particulars of its dullness I cannot describe, for even the luxury in which I lived only seemed by some caprice to add to it)—I enjoyed, I repeat, some real unalloyed happiness. You may guess, too, how proud I was of being loved by him. My father promised to give me, as you may suppose, a very handsome dowry. At last I noticed a change in Oscar; his attentions became less marked, his visits less frequent. Finally a letter reached me to the effect that he wished to be freed from his engagement—only a trivial reason being assigned. My father, without difficulty, ascertained the reasons which had made him act in this manner. His brother officers, ever since his engagement, had made him their butt because of his intended marriage with the daughter of a quack doctor and bill-discounter. My name had been mentioned with ridicule; no epithet of contempt had been spared for me; and my father had been referred to in association with every term which contempt could devise. He told me angrily what had been said of me and of him. I blushed when I heard of it. I wished he had been silent. But he neither spared himself nor me. I can recall his figure now as he walked up and down our drawing-room at Bedford Square, laughing savagely as he related some fresh insult against us. Oscar—and this was saddest of all—had wanted even the courage to say one word—one word—in favor of the woman to whom he was pledged as a hū-bānd—the base, ignoble coward! His dastardly silence of course encouraged his friends anew, and my name was mentioned with insults more shocking, more reckless, than ever. Yet this man could not raise his voice, I say, in my defense—no, not for a moment. Those who had not joined in the merriment against me—for there were some men who were not poitroons amongst them—cried shame upon Captain Lindfield for his humiliating silence. Being from sheer cowardice unable to defend me, he soon thought of breaking off his engagement, encouraged by his companions, and only seeking refuge in some lying sophistry. He had not the moral courage, Mademoiselle Desormes, to make me his wife!"

Miss Campbell ceased speaking. My thoughts fled to Diana Eliot. If she knew this story, in what estimation would Oscar then stand? My knowledge of her character (frank, guileless, tenderly brave) pointed distinctly to the verdict which such conduct would receive at her lips.

"So," resumed Miss Campbell, wearily, "he broke from his engagement. After he had written desiring me to free him from it by my own lips, I wrote an appealing letter to him. I loved him madly. I thought if he left me I should die. My heartbroken appeals were vain. I begged him to see me once more. He never came, and never wrote again! I next heard that he had changed into a regiment just then ordered to India. In all his actions, you see, Angle, he showed himself a coward!"

"But—"and I hesitated before I put the question—"did not such conduct alienate your love? Do you regard him now as you regarded him years ago?"

"I do! Now you know all. It matters little. He is engaged to Miss Eliot; and her birth, I doubt not, can contrast favorably with mine. Good-night."

As I left her bedchamber, my heart ill at ease, being burdened as it were with some undefined sense of coming evil, I looked back at her, still sitting brooding over the fire, the flames of which flickered from time to time over her dark, striking Jewish face.

CHAPTER II.—"TIGER" ACLAND.

THE next morning, at ten o'clock, Diana, some other ladies and myself were standing on the terrace watching the departure of the shooters. It was a glorious morning; the wind, which was high during the night, had sunk, and the sky was almost cloudless. The dark yellow foliage of the trees, untouched yet by frost, was almost gorgeous.

"Mr. Acland hasn't come this morning," said Mr. Forbes, as he descended the steps of the terrace to the garden, followed by two pointers.

"If he should arrive before luncheon, Diana, perhaps you'll conduct him to us. You know our line of country. About one o'clock we shall be at Stanley Wood."

"I'll bring him to you if he comes," said Diana. "I thought you were going to the woods where the celebrated 'Devil's Oak' stands."

"Not to-day. Acland has only lately arrived from India," observed Mr. Forbes; "and was something of a merchant there—at Calcutta. Did you ever see him, Captain Lindfield, or hear of his name?"

"Not that I recollect," answered Oscar.

"I detect the military prejudice to the civilian in that tone," laughed Mr. Forbes.

Captain Lindfield withdrew a little way with Diana. Diana's face half-laughing, half-earnest, looked upwards towards him; and I could see they were both very happy. She, however, remained firm in her intentions that he was to shoot, and not to remain behind dallying at her side. "I shall of course see a great deal of you this evening, Oscar," I heard her say.

"Now then, Captain Lindfield," cried Mr. Forbes, "we are waiting for you. Time is getting on, and the keepers say we shall miss some good sport. Bring Acland, Diana, if he comes in a reasonable time; for I hear he is a wonderful shot, and has bagged tigers by hundreds in the jungle."

Waving his hand to Diana, Lindfield sprang down the steps and joined the others, who passed along the garden into the park beyond.

"Mr. Acland seems an important guest," I said, as I turned towards the house, suddenly catching sight of Miss Campbell's face on the watch, which was withdrawn immediately.

"He is a stranger; and my cousin is always courteous to strangers, and most anxious that they should enjoy themselves. Personally, I understand, Charles Forbes knows very little of him. You heard what Charles said about his being such a wonderful shot. I believe he has been nicknamed 'Tiger Acland.' It looks to me a doubtful compliment. If he comes we must be his convoy to the wood."

"Shall we walk over the house now?"

"If you like. The old part they say is haunted; and I have more than once wanted to sleep in it, so that I might see a ghost if one was to be seen."

We were in the drawing-room now, and Miss Campbell was busy in a retired part of the room with some wool-work. "Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Campbell?" I asked, "before I explore the house with my friend?"

"Nothing."

She turned her eyes up towards mine with a look of warning in them which I understood. It was that I was still to observe silence on what she had told me last night; and this I was quite willing to do. As my morning's reflection on the subject brought me to regard Miss Campbell's story as an exaggerated one, and Oscar Lindfield's conduct as having been presented, through jealousy, in the most prejudiced light, I should have been cruel to Diana had I repeated the story as told me by Janet Campbell.

"Come," said Diana.

We wandered from room to room, from floor to floor. The old, and also unoccupied, part of the house was of considerable extent: the apartments spacious and the ceilings lofty. A good deal of old handsome cumbersome furniture occupied them; there were specimens of some really good tapestry; portraits of former proprietors were suspended on many of the walls; old-fashioned bedsteads, all unused, were plentiful.

"It looks very ghostly, doesn't it?" said Diana, laughing.

"Very."

"The servants sleep at the extreme end; but there is one bedroom even used occasionally by guests—young bachelors whose nerves are strong enough to face any uncanny midnight visitor are there accommodated. And here we are near it. This is the Yellow Boudoir, which leads to it."

"The Yellow Boudoir? What an odd name!"

"And it is an odd place. The ceiling is yellow, the panels are yellow, the hangings of the windows are yellow, the carpet is yellow, and even the old glass of the window has by this time, from age, got a yellowish hue. Strange and unpleasant as the room is, the Yellow Boudoir and the adjoining room look upon the prettiest view from the house."

"By what caprice was it painted this color?"

"I don't know. You might think it was so colored by design; and I have often made inquiries, but could never learn any specific reason for the prevalence of this hue on all sides. As the place was once owned by an immensely rich East Indian nabob, I fancy on his return to England, with probably confirmed jaundice, he had the room colored at his direction, wanting something yellower than his yellow face; but this is of course only conjecture. Is it feasible? Enter and see it."

With this, he pushed open the door, and we entered the Yellow Boudoir.

(To be continued.)

NEW ORLEANS NOW.

ONE sees here many sad evidences of the results of the conflict; old gray-haired men and women born and reared in affluence are now reduced to menial employments. Sad-eyed maidens, and the wan, hollow cheeks of widows, eating the bitter bread of dependence, or eking out a scanty subsistence by means which they could not once have imagined as even possible. The wife of "Bishop General" Polk teaches school. Other wives and daughters of prominent Confederate officials, in civil or military life, fill clerkships or other dependent situations. The general business of New Orleans is very dull at present; particularly is this the case along the levee, and steamboat stock is a bad investment, for this year at least. The crop of cotton is now estimated at from forty-two to forty-three hundred thousand bales, for the year ending August 31st, 1874. The receipts, however, are failing off so rapidly that the smaller figures are most likely to be nearest the mark. The excessive rains have done quite as much damage to the growing crop as the overflow. The crop of sugar-cane grows less and less each year, although there are planters who persevere in the face of continued losses, and insist that Cuba will soon be a second Santo Domingo, and then they will reap their rich reward. On the other hand, more and more rice is being cultivated, and the rice crop bids fair to be the great Louisiana staple one of these days.

The negroes have been holding meetings to insist upon three or four dollars a day, for work in loading steamboats. The banks hold plenty of money, which nobody can have if he is in great need of it, but every one who cannot use it is urged to take it at low figure. No new houses are being erected; many old ones are vacant. Only one first-class hotel is open in the city, and its halls and corridors are desolate enough to one who remembers the "St. Charles" of other days. The political situation excites little attention. McFerry would not be so great an improvement over Kellogg that his advent is looked forward to with any degree of ardor by the business men of either party. Warmoth is forgotten—bidding his time in obscurity until some new move upon the political chess-board shall call into play his reckless audacity and unscrupulous impudence.

THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

WE are informed that this splendid institution is progressing as rapidly as can be expected. It is to be erected in the Central Park, New York, where the magnificent tree museum and menagerie have already a place. We believe that the credit of starting this enterprise is due to the Messrs. Appleton, the proprietors of the well-known *Appleton's Journal*. These gentlemen have communicated with Mr. W. S. Kent, F.L.S., who has left the Brighton Museum, and we believe that with his assistance as scientific adviser they cannot fail to establish an institution which will be in every way creditable to zoological science. We trust they may soon have secured ample funds to realize the undertaking; and we have no doubt that, with Mr. Kent's assistance, experienced as he is, not only as a naturalist but also, and especially, as an aquarium naturalist, they will eventually attain most complete success.

ONE of the greatest astronomical triumphs of the century is undoubtedly Dr. Schmidt's map of the moon, drawn after thirty-four years of laborious and studious work. It is two metres in diameter, and its accurate but minute draughtsmanship is something wonderful. The shading is so marvelously finished that an examination of any portion of the map by a lens fails to reveal any roughness or irregularity. Dr. Schmidt is professor of astronomy in the University of Athens.

LAUNCH OF THE "CITY OF TOKIO."

A FEW weeks ago we gave an account of the launching of the monster steamship *Pekin*, from John Roach's Yard at Chester, Pa. The *Tokio*, just built for the same Company, the Pacific Mail, was launched last week in the presence of a large assembly of people. Special trains ran from Philadelphia, Washington and other places. Every point of observation along the river was thronged. As the vessel glided into the water, a salute was fired from a battery on the wharf, and the bands played their liveliest airs. The *City of Tokio* is of 5,500 tons burden. Her extreme length is 423 feet by 48 feet breadth of beam, and she is 38 feet 6 inches deep between the top of the keel and

spar deck. She has four decks and six watertight compartments. She will accommodate 150 cabin and 1,500 steerage passengers, and her coal-bunkers will carry 1,500 tons. In all other respects she is a similar vessel to the *City of Pekin*, and is built of material of the same quality used in the construction of that vessel. She will be furnished with all the latest improvements in steam navigation, and her accommodations for passengers will be unsurpassed. The vessel was christened by Miss Lulu Wickham, daughter of the Hon. W. H. Wickham, of New York. She was assisted by Miss Louisa Shepard, of Oakland, Cal. All of the furnishing and fitting out will be done at Chester, and when the ship leaves that place she will be ready for sea.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

RAILS—During the year 1873 the production of iron and steel rails in the United States was 850,000 tons, and the imports were 185,702 tons, making a total supply of 1,035,702 tons, which is much less than for the preceding year, when the railroad movement was more active.

A NEW STEAMBOAT PROPELLER.—A new propeller for steamers has lately been introduced by Doctor Collis Brown, which differs materially from the screw propeller at present in use, resembling, when at rest, the letter X, and claimed to possess many advantages over its predecessors. These are stated to be absence of vibration; reduction of wear and tear to machinery; ready adaptability to any screw steamship; and facility of checking a ship's way, with the power of driving her full speed astern in a few seconds on reversal, as well as giving considerable increase of speed and effecting a great saving of coal. During a trial with the steam-yacht *Lapwing*, under a pressure of fifty-eight pounds of steam, with a consumption of eighty-one pounds of coal per hour, the propeller made two hundred and twenty revolutions per minute with a slack tide, and the furnace burning hard steam-coal; the measured mile being run in five minutes.

THE MAGNETIZATION OF GLASS.—An interesting paper in Poggendorff's "Annalen," by Professor Villari, treats of the time that flint glass takes to be magnetized, demagnetized and to turn the plane of polarization. He placed a glass cylinder between the poles of an electromagnet, where it acted like a cylindrical lens with polarized light passing through the poles. When not magnetized, the cylinder, whether in motion or at rest, was neutral to the light; but when magnetized its plane of polarization diminished considerably; with increasing velocity of rotation, each diameter remained too short a time in the axial direction to acquire all the magnetism it would otherwise have. To give flint glass such diamagnetic intensity as became observable by rotation of the plane, required at least 1,800 of a second of time, while to give it all the diamagnetism it is capable of taking under a strong magnet, at least 1,400 of a second was needed.

AMERICAN LEATHER.—William M. Hill, President of the Boston Common Council, in a recent lecture upon leather, presented the following useful statistics: "During the year 1870 there were in the United States 4,237 tanneries and 3,082 currying establishments, employing 30,811 men, and using 1,255,340 cords of bark. A capital of \$5,025,290 was invested in the business, and the aggregate sum of \$12,082,530 was paid as wages to workmen. Mr. Hill further stated that while the iron business in the United States in 1870 was less than \$100,000,000, of the cotton trade less than \$178,000,000, of woolen goods less than \$208,000,000, the value of the leather business exceeded \$286,000,000. The tanning business in Massachusetts was only surpassed by New York and Pennsylvania. In the currying business, Massachusetts was vastly ahead of all other States, employing more than one-third of the men, and engaging more than one-fourth of the capital in this country. Of 196 currying establishments in Massachusetts, 49 were in Salem and 34 in Peabody. In 1873, New York and Boston received 3,441,778 hides, including 147,346 from domestic ports, principally from those of Texas. In 1873 Salem received 17,327 cords of bark, and Peabody 14,677 cords, requiring 2,539 cars, or a train seventeen miles in length for transportation." In currying hides, Mr. Hill said they were handled no less than 81 times before the leather was ready for the market.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL.—The proposition to supersede coal by the use of carbonic gas extracted from chalk has been subjected to a practical test by the inventor, and with very satisfactory results. Extracted and applied to anthracite, it produces a strong flame and heat, and at so slow a rate of combustion that a good fire was maintained for twenty-nine hours in a furnace which heats a church, with only fifty-six pounds of anthracite and an equal quantity of chalk mixed with it during that time. During the last twenty-hours, moreover, the fire was untouched. Through the aid of this remarkable property of chalk, lignite, known as shale, may be used for the production of an illuminating gas to an extent which will appear incredible. Even the coarsest clay of this singular formation is full of gas, and the experiments made in England, though imperfect, show that one ton of this substance, together with a due proportion of chalk, will yield as large an amount as eight tons of ordinary coal. From these tests the inventor argues that London will be warmed at fifty per cent. cheaper rate; that the smoke, dust and ashes nuisance might be abolished; that every good-sized country house and every village might be lighted with gas; and the kitchen fire, with some alteration in the grate, might supply the house with light. Finally, lignite and anthracite beds would become valuable property, and chalk would be exported as coal is now. The English papers say the prospect seems almost too good to be true.

THE SUN'S HEAT.—Sir W. Thomson has contended that the sun cannot have continued to give out heat and light for so long a period as has been assumed by many geologists, and has concluded that it was, "on the whole, most probable that it has not illuminated the earth for more than one hundred millions of years, and almost certain that it has not done so for five hundred millions. Professor Huxley made this question the subject of his address to the Geological Society in 1869, but the argument on both sides was on the supposition that the constitution of matter is such that from the earliest epoch the heat and light given off had been derived mainly, if not entirely, from the simple cooling of a heated body. If, however, Mr. Lockyer's views be true, the sun at the earliest period must have consisted of matter in a more dissociated condition than at present, and, as he points out, in combining so as to give rise to other so-called elementary substances, probably a large extra amount of heat and light would be set free. The result of this appears to me to be that when the general temperature was that at which such a dissociation occurs, the sun's energy would continue nearly the same for a period which, in the present state of our knowledge, cannot be determined, but which would probably be of vast duration; and not only so, but the cooling would be more uniform from the first, and not subject to so great a variation as would occur in the case of an intensely heated body. If this be so, the length of time during which our globe may have been receiving such an amount of heat and light as would be compatible with the existence of animals and plants may well have been as great as that demanded by any of the supporters of evolutionary theories."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE National Agricultural Congress met at Atlanta, Ga., last week. Two new crevasses have been made in the Mississippi levees, and the river has formed a new channel forty miles below Memphis. The proceedings of the Society of the Army of the Potowmack, at Harrisburg, were harmonious and interesting. Counsel for the escaped convicts, Sharkey and Genet, have asked for a new trial. The appointment of a receiver of the New York property of the Samana Bay Company was applied for. Governor Dix, of New York, signed the Bill which authorized the Superintendent of Public Works to grade, pave and curb Baxter, Worth, Mulberry and all thoroughfares adjacent to the Five Points. The books of the Canada Southern Railroad were seized. The Liquor Dealers' Association presented a proposition for the reduction of licenses to the Board of Excise, in New York. Fires have been raging in the woods in many parts of Michigan and Canada. Much valuable lumber has been destroyed. The coal operators in the Hocking and Scioto regions have asked the Governor of Ohio to order out the militia to prevent the striking men from interfering with non-union men. The Governor of North Carolina gives notice that \$5,000 will be paid for the delivery of General M. S. Littlefield, who is charged with swindling, to the Sheriff of Buncombe County. A Georgia paper says: "Every village and borough in the State is procuring the erection of factories of various kinds. We never knew a period in the history of Georgia when so much money was put into manufacturing business as at present." Five thousand Chinamen are expected in San Francisco during the next six months. New York ice dealers are asking exorbitant prices for their ice. The signal station on Mount Washington, N. H., one night recently reported a northeast gale blowing at the rate of 140 miles an hour. A band of Cochise Indians have been raiding in Mexico. Cremation has been introduced at Leavenworth, Kan. A son of Mr. Miller died recently. A furnace was built, and the body reduced to ashes in the presence of a large number of friends and physicians. The population of New Orleans is said to have fallen off 30,000 within two years.

FOREIGN.

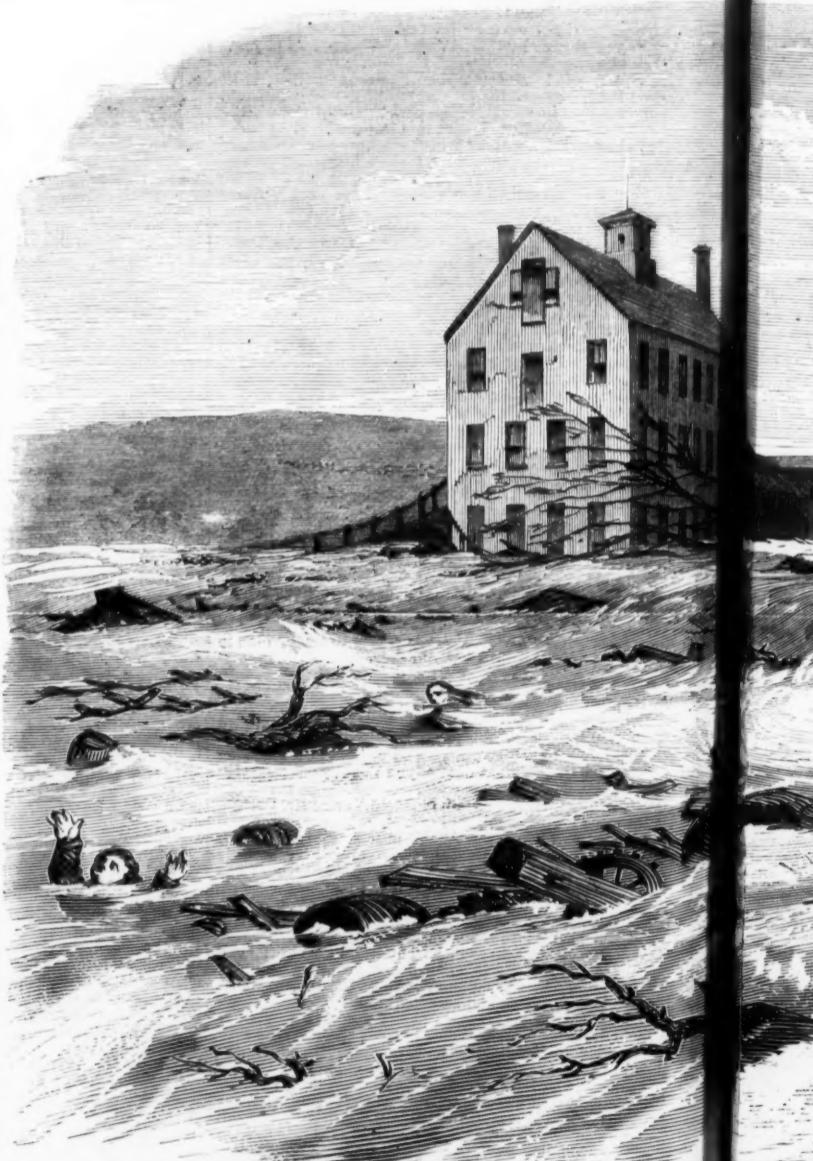
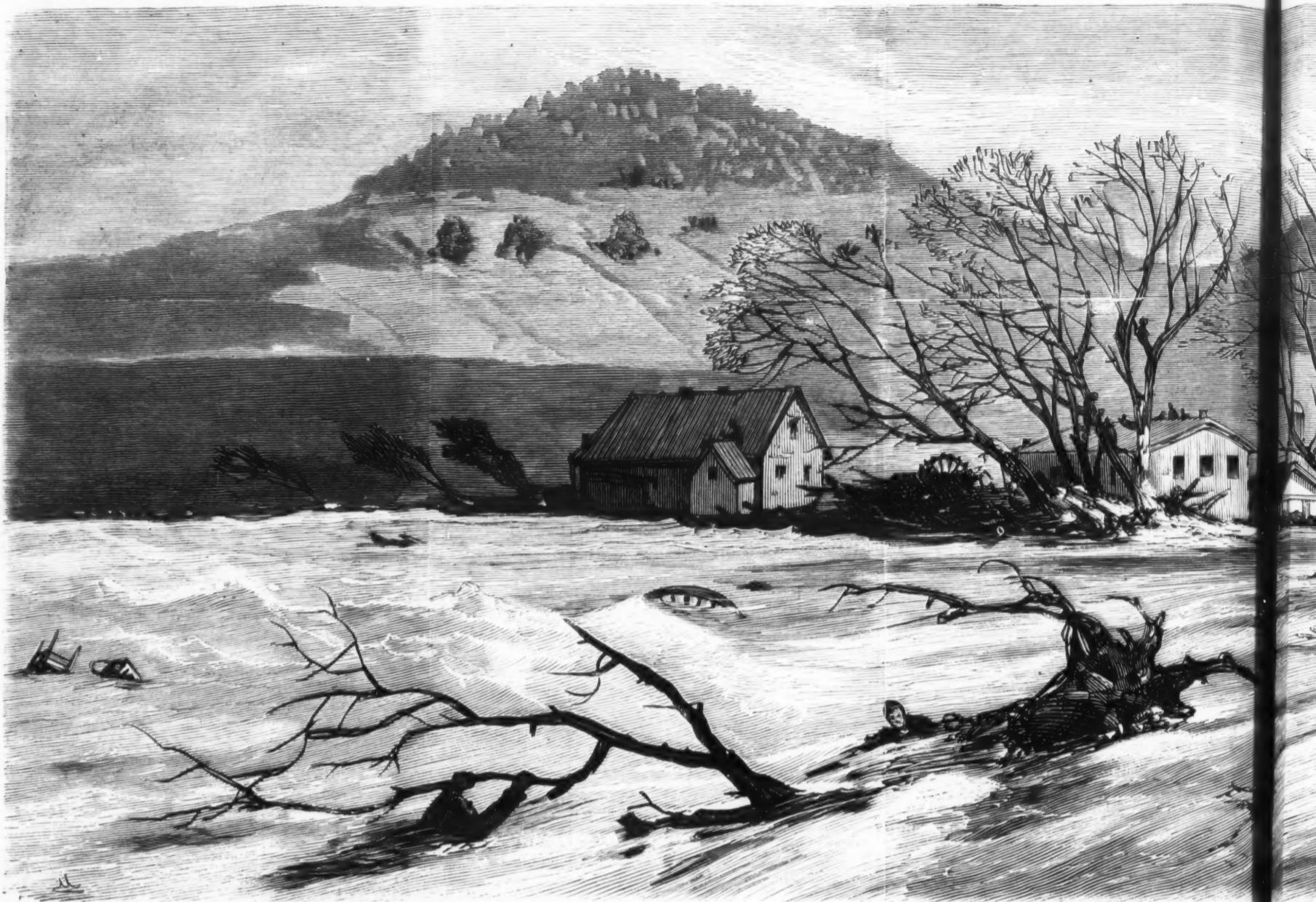
A NEW Spanish Ministry has been formed, as follows: Zubia, President of the Council and Minister of War; Sagasta, Minister of Interior; Ulio, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Camacho, Minister of Finance; Martinez, Minister of Justice; Colmeaure, Minister of Public Works; Ortiz, Minister of the Colonies; and Arias, Minister of Marine. The Pacific Railway resolutions have been adopted by the Dominion Parliament. The Grand Duke Nicholas, brother of the Czar, was arrested at St. Petersburg. There was a destructive fire at Paris. There is no abatement in the famine at Anatolia. The British Secretary of State for the Colonial Department stated in Parliament that the possessions on the Gold Coast would not be abandoned. William Lauten, who acted as Vice-Consul of Great Britain and Germany at Manzanillo, Cuba, has been ordered to leave that island. The total cost of the Ashantee expedition is estimated at £900,000. Of this, £40,000 was paid to native carriers. Some workmen employed digging gravel at Bedlington, in Kent, England, found the remains of a Roman warrior, together with some arms. Some time ago the remains of a Roman villa were found in the same neighborhood, and a quantity of coins, Roman and British. It is said that the Cape Town diamond fields are under a cloud. They have not only suffered from floods, but their value is depreciating, and the decline in price has caused commercial embarrassment. Russia is actively exploring Central Asia. Captain Przewalski has penetrated nearly to the source of the Yangtze, having passed to the west end of the Khoton. The sources of the great river prove to be at an enormous altitude—some 14,000 feet or 15,000 feet over the sea, the lake itself being some 10,000 feet. The new cable between Italy and Egypt, by way of Zante and Candia, is open for business. The director of the Freemasons' School at Bordeaux has been sentenced to a fine of 200 francs because no Roman Catholic religious instruction was given in the school. The public monuments in Paris destroyed during the Commune are rising again. The Palace of the Legion of Honor is now completely rebuilt, but it will not be occupied before October. The Palais-Royal is nearly finished. The Vendome Column is also being repaired. The American line steamship *Ohio* arrived at Liverpool, having had part of her deck and part of her cargo consumed by fire. An International Congress of Geographical Science will be held in Paris in the Spring of 1875.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

CAMPANINI will probably return to this country next year.

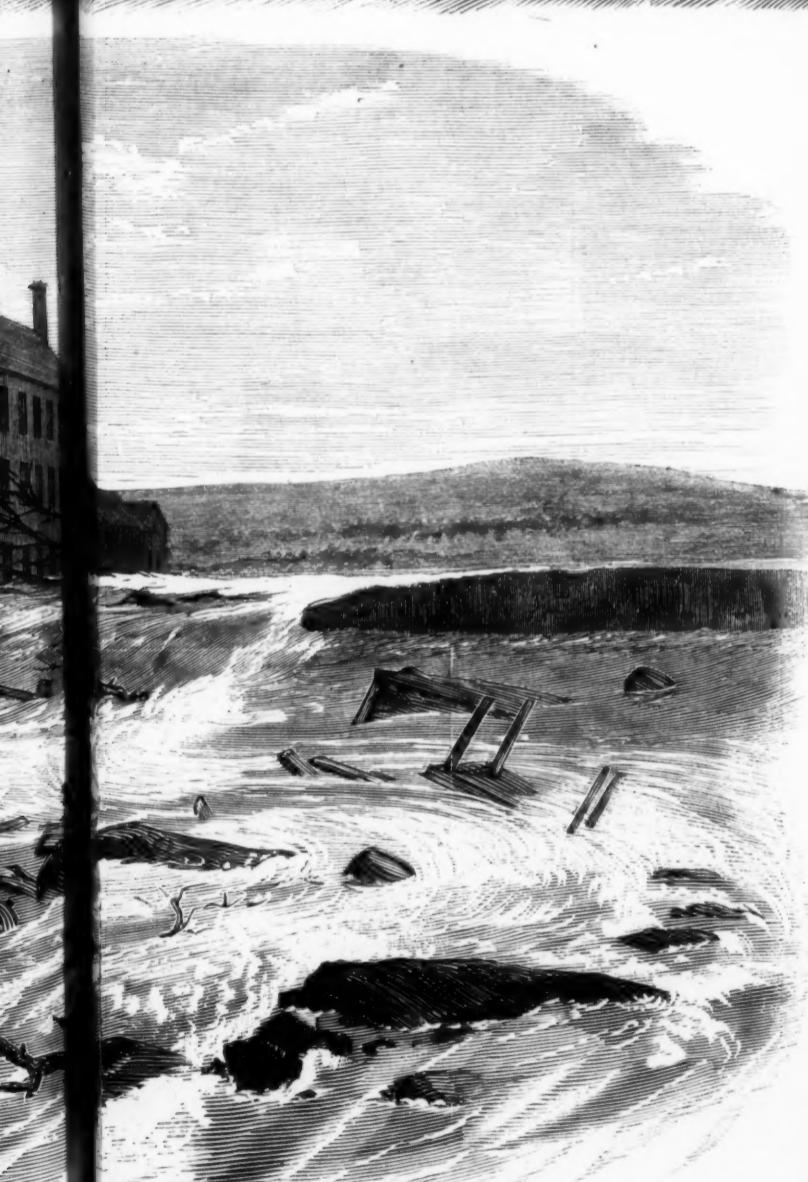
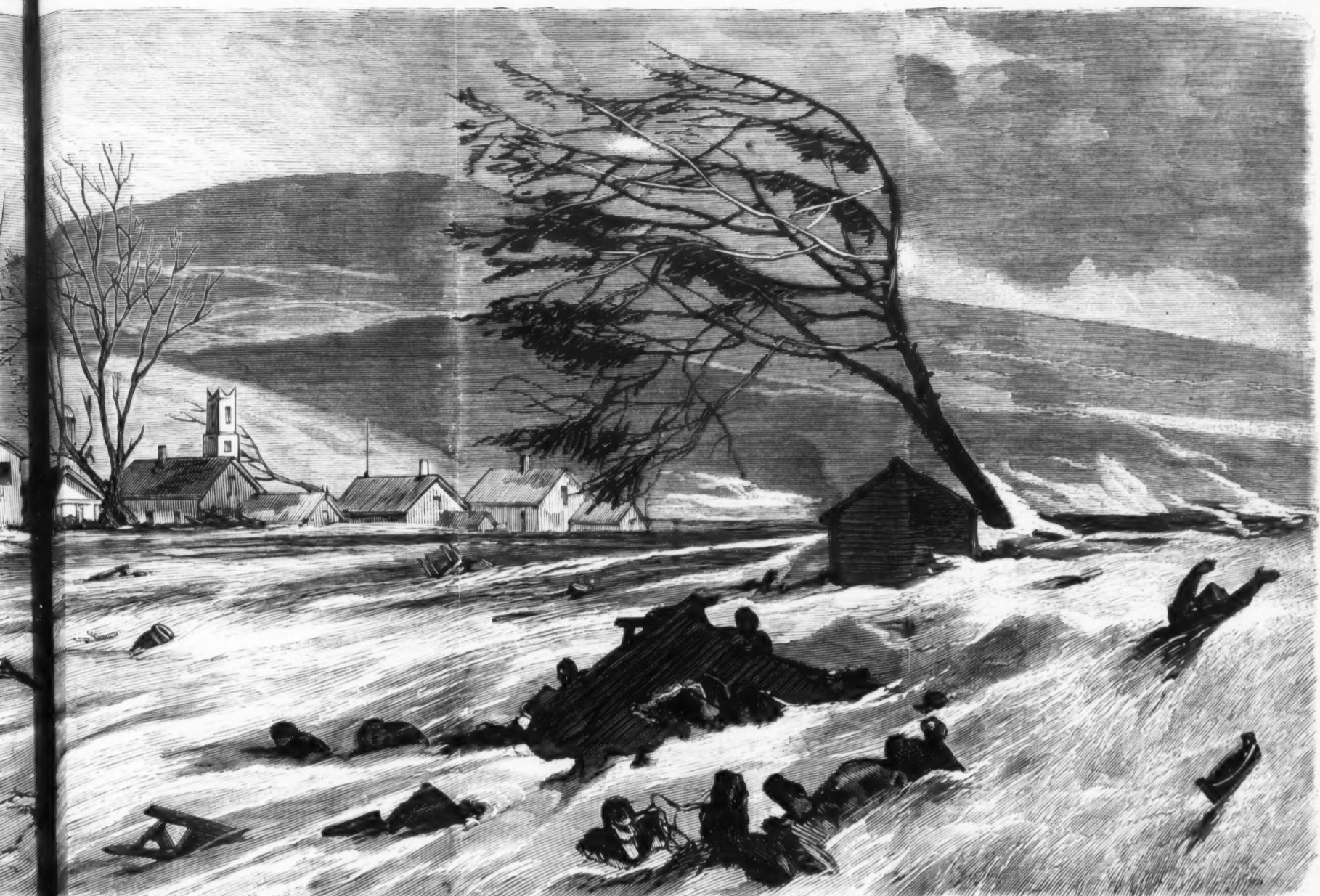
"DIVORCE" is on the boards at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

SPRING has come, and it thunders and lightens every day at the Colosseum.



NO. 1.—THE WATERS STRIKING WILLIAMSBURG, ON MILL RIVER, NEAR THE RESERVOIR. THE FIRST VILLAGE IN THE COURSE OF THE TORRENT. VIEW LOOKING
NO. 2.—A BUILDING SAVED BY AN APPLE-TREE. A SCENE NEAR JAMES'S MILL. NO. 4.—THE FLOOD AT LEEDS. DESTRUCTION OF THE UPPER AND LOW
AND HAYDEN'S COTTON FACTORY IN DISTANCE. NO. 6.—HAYDENVILLE. VIEW LOOKING NORTH. THE HOUSES LODGED ON THE FLATS AMID PILES OF
RD OF
RE AND
GE MOST

THE GREAT FLOOD IN THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY, M.—S.—S.



No. 5.



No. 6.

RD OF THE VILLAGE DESTROYED, AND FIFTY-SIX LIVES LOST. No. 2.—THE FLOOD AT THE RESIDENCE OF MR. SKINNER, OF SKINNERVILLE. FOUR PERSONS LOST. RE AND THE BOARDING-HOUSES. VILLAGE DESTROYED. FIFTY-SEVEN PERSONS DROWNED. No. 5.—HAYDENVILLE. VIEW SOUTH, SHOWING RUINED TENEMENT HOUSES GE MOSTLY DESTROYED, AND THIRTY-SIX LIVES LOST.

Y, M S.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MILTON BRADLEY.—SEE PAGE 179.

MABEL.

A MORTAL maiden she, yet standing there
Upon the terrace that overlooks the sea
Far rippling in the blue obscurity
Of star creating twilight, her loosen'd hair
Half floating in the breeze, her thoughtful eyes
Gazing with a longing unexpressed
Where the sky sleeps upon the ocean's breast,
Her soul entranced by its own harmonies,

She seemeth in her childlike confidence
A breathing Galatea fair and chaste,
Or angel earthward sent, with one foot placed
Upon the threshold of the world of sense.
She hath but fifteen Summers, still she would
Solve the great problems of the sea—the sea of womanhood.

THE CURSE OF CAERGWYN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS,"
"IVY'S PROBATION," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

"M ADEMOISELLE makes *fête*," remarked the observant Estelle, on the morning after Lilias had written to her mother. "Is it that *milord* comes to-day so early?"

To the French maid the alterations of dress were as suggestive as are the signs of weather to a shepherd. How better could a lady express her feelings than by the charming and appropriate language of the toilet?

And Lilias's choice of her most becoming morning-dress, her carefully selected ribbons, and the little freshly gathered posy of the flower which was not, Estelle admitted, by daylight so sombre, could have but one meaning according to the maid's reading. She could not know how Lilias was holding jubilee in her heart, and celebrating by these little signs and tokens the freedom she had won at last.

Strathgyle, contrary to his usual custom, did come early that morning. The truth was that he was restless and unsettled, and he followed the bent of his footsteps without much heed, and that bent led him to Grosvenor Square.

He found Lilias sitting amongst the flowers in his mother's boudoir—the dowager never appeared down-stairs until luncheon-time—and, as he sat down opposite to her, he saw there was a light in her eyes and a soft tremulous sort of agitation about her which made her appear lovelier than ever he remembered to have seen her. He was not insensible, either, to the becomingness of her toilet, and the general air of what Estelle had called "*fête*" about her.

Then as he drew a little nearer to her, he saw the sprig of purple heather amongst the sea-green ribbons at her throat, and he remembered that she had worn that same flower, his own Highland badge, the evening before; and that little treacherous emblem beckoned him on to his undoing.

"Lilias," said he, "the other seven years are not past yet, it is true, but there are times when weeks and months count for years. I am not sure myself that Jacob's reckoning of time corresponded with ours—I am inclined to think, on the contrary, that the ill-used patriarch spoke from his own appreciation of the interval and not from any authorized table of dates; and, from that point of view, you can afford to let me off—let me see, six years, five months and a day or two. You will scarcely be harder than that shabby fellow Laban, you know."

He was speaking in that low, musical voice of his, and his hands, in spite of the assumed lightness of his tone, trembled so much that he was fain to lay down the scrap of "finger-end work" which he had taken up from the little table near her.

She knew then, by a sweet, new-born intuition, what this expectation was to him; she realized for the first time that this freedom, which was so dear to her, was to cost him the hopes and the love, the strongly rooted, slowly ripened love, of a lifetime. The easy familiarity of their relations had hitherto blinded her to these things.

All at once, as he sat there before her, she understood it, and her heart went out to him as it had never done before.

"Oh, Strathgyle," she cried, with tears raining down her cheeks, "I am so sorry—I am so sorry!"

"Why?" asked he, fencing with the truth, whilst his lips blanched, and he rose up and stood over her, so that she might not see his face. "Why, Lilias?"

"Because, Strathgyle," she answered, sobbing, "I can never, either now or at any other time, be what you wish."

"I can only repeat my question—Why not, Lilias?"

"Because," she answered, struggling with the great, undefined repulsion which swelled up again like a mountain before her—"because it has all been a mistake—because, Strathgyle, we should never be happy together."

"I should be happy," he affirmed.

"No, you would not. Oh, Strathgyle," she broke off, weeping still, "be my dear cousin—my brother, if you will—and forget that there was ever question of anything else between us."

"Forget!" he repeated bitterly. "Do you think it so easy to forget, that it can be done at a word?"

No, she did not think it easy; she knew that it was impossible, and her heart smote her that she gave him only hollow words to heal the wounds of her own making.

"I am so sorry—so sorry, Strathgyle," she repeated, covering her face with her hands.

And this was all. His great love was impotent to move her to more than a little, soft, pitiful regret. For the great and cruel wrong she was doing him she had nothing but a few tears and the proffer of a calm, cold, sisterly regard with which to propose to compensate him.

He stood still, dumb with the sense of the mighty wrong, she was inflicting so easily—with, as it seemed to him, so little compunction—upon him; and then his anger rose. And Strathgyle's anger, slow-brooding as it was in general, was apt to be very bitter, and even savage, when it came to the outbreak.

"Lilias," said he, "you are a woman, and women have privileges which I at least do not envy them. You may break faith and repudiate contracts, and smile at the solemn obligations by which we men are bound, and you may ruin our lives, and go scot-free afterwards. I congratulate you on your immunities; you have known how to profit by them."

"Strathgyle!" pleaded Lilias.

"Yes," he went on, remorselessly, "for what you are doing now a man would be branded by the world as a traitor, a coward and a villain; but you are a woman, and you can go on your way, and hold up your head, you know, and be as blameless as the rest. I congratulate you."

Was she really so mean and base? She covered her face in shame before him, half believing that it was so when he spoke it with that scathing bitterness of reproach.

"But sometimes," went on Strathgyle, "there

are men who can be called to account for the injuries women have inflicted upon us other men. If there should be such a man now, I warn you, Lilias"—he stooped down until his white face and threatening eyes were on a level with hers—"he shall answer to me when the time comes."

For an instant she was cowed by the cold fury of his tone, and shrank shivering before him; then she suddenly dashed her hands from before her face, and stood up.

"Strathgyle," she cried, "you have a right. I suppose—I don't know—to be angry with me, but you have no right to implicate others."

"Then there are others!"

"No," she denied; "I alone am responsible for what I have done, and I have no desire to shelter myself behind the privileges of my sex. I will take all the consequences and bear all the blame, if there be any, before all the world."

"I have already told you," he replied, with quiet bitterness, "that you have nothing to fear from the world."

"I think not," she returned, with spirit. "The world may judge between us, Strathgyle. It may know that it is not my own solemn engagements or my own deliberately pledged faith which I have broken, but faith which was given for me, and engagements which were made in my name before I knew what they meant."

She looked so handsome in her brave defiance that he forgot to answer her. He knew that he was formidable when the latent strength of his temper and will was aroused, and it moved his admiration to see how fearlessly she confronted him. He could have despised a weak, whining won an and let her go, but this spirit was just what he liked and admired, and his anger at losing Lilias grew more bitter every moment. And as the bitterness grew, a burning desire for vengeance against somebody—anybody but Lilias herself—grew also.

As for Lilias, he could have forgiven her all; he could have taken her into his arms and poured out all the inextinguishable tenderness of the great love which nothing—no words of hers—could turn into hatred. It was as much as he could do at that moment to prevent the great flood from breaking forth. At a word, a look, his whole soul would have been at her feet in gentlest supplication.

As it was, he seemed to her only cold and cruel, as he turned away with that fierce light in his eyes and a smothered sound which might have been a curse upon his lips. And she wondered, as she sat down again—trembling now that all was over—could this bitter, vindictive man be the same kind, generous Strathgyle who had been her playfellow in her youth, and whom she had loved as a dear and only brother—she knew now—all through her life.

Then, too, the importance of the step she had taken revealed itself in a new and startling light, and terrified her afresh.

Was she responsible for the change in Strathgyle? Must either her life or his be sacrificed? And could it be that she was required rather to subscribe to those impossible conditions for herself than to inflict what he had called a cruel wrong on him!

"No, no, no!" cried something within her, which her instinct told her was truer than the agitated reasoning of the moment; and that old mountain of opposition rose up again.

She could never marry Strathgyle. Truth and honor, and something which she did not define, but which carried irresistible weight, all told her with solemn emphasis that she could not, let the consequences of breaking off with him be what they might. She could only set herself resolutely to face the worst of these consequences.

Just as she had gathered up her courage thus afresh, the dowager came in, smiling and satisfied. Estelle had told her that *milord* had paid a long visit to "mademoiselle," and being full and brimming over with the delightful mystery and excitement of the occasion as she imagined it, the Frenchwoman had managed to convey to the dowager her impressions as to the significant signs and tokens in "mademoiselle's" toilet and demeanor generally.

"So," thought the dowager, complacently, "she is thinking better of it after all; and Lady Durnford was wrong about that young Caergwyn, or, seeing him again after a season of absence and of wider experience, my young lady has found herself disenchanted. Caergwyn may be very well at Caergwyn, with nothing else to do but to amuse oneself with the only materials at hand; but in

*On revient toujours
A ses premiers amours.*

After all, that meeting has been all in our favor, and I can forgive Lady Durnford," concluded the dowager, as Estelle put the finishing touches to her complexion for the day.

So she came upon Lilias's reverie, gracious and elated, and held out her hand and kissed her young kinswoman on both cheeks with a fervor from which Lilias shrank, conscience-stricken.

"Strathgyle has been here," began the dowager, as she took her seat.

But, once seated, her observant eyes revealed to her that her satisfaction was probably premature. For the floor of her boudoir was figuratively like a disastrous battle-field, strewn with the emblems of defeat and confusion. A chair overturned in Strathgyle's hasty retreat, Lilias's work dropped on the ground, a long trail of unbound silk marking its path to destruction beneath Strathgyle's reckless feet, the leaves of her scented verbae-plant crushed by nervous, unheeding fingers, and scattered about the base of the ebony and gold tripod which had supported their grace, living growth an hour before—all these ominous tokens prepared Lady Strathgyle for Lilias's first words.

"Yes, Strathgyle has been here," said she; "and I ought to tell you at once what has passed between us. I have told him what I have been feeling very strongly of late—that I cannot fulfil the engagement our parents made for us long ago."

"Oh, my dear," answered the dowager, coolly, shaking a shred of silk from her dress as she spoke, "of course that is all nonsense."

Lilias stared at her in astonishment. She had made her confession with the solemnity of a judicial announcement, and this was how Lady Strathgyle was taking it!

"Will you have the goodness to ring the bell?" continued the dowager. "We will ask if luncheon is served. We can talk about this ridiculous business afterwards."

"But, Lady Strathgyle—" began Lilias, earnestly, with her hand on the bell.

"Ring, my dear. I am dying for luncheon, and I really cannot discuss any subject until afterwards."

"Luncheon is served, my lady," announced the butler at that moment.

"That is right, Mason. Now, Lilias." And her ladyship did full justice to the elaborate *menu* provided by her French cook, whilst Lilias sent away each *plat* untouched.

"I cannot breakfast as you young people do," remarked the dowager, glancing her way. "Estelle brings me a cup of coffee and a mouthful of toast at nine o'clock—that is all—and I am famished for my luncheon. People who can eat a good breakfast are independent. I quite envy you."

Lilias, on her side, envied the dowager the cool composure which carried her so comfortably through that trying half-hour, and wondered, as she sat there, with every nerve thrilling, and every pulse beating, if anything could impair Lady Strathgyle's appetite, and if she, weak and fasting, would be able by-and-by to hold her own against a judge fortified by sherry and Chambertin, and all the resources of a scientific *cuisine*.

"It's hardly fair—it really isn't," thought Lilias, smiling a little to herself as she tried to swallow her one glass of wine, and crumbled a biscuit on her plate. "I wish it were well over. What a very awful person Lady Strathgyle is after luncheon! I think I shall retreat to my own room and write her a letter, and then barricade the door until mamma comes."

The dowager saw the smile, as she saw everything, and thought it very impudent.

"The minx is laughing at us!" said she. "This is Elaine's training. She has spoilt the girl completely. But I'll engage to bring her to her senses; we are not going to have a family *exclandre* of this sort. I wonder what Strathgyle has said or done. He ought to have come to me," she parenthesized, mentally, with irritation. "And, now I think of it, I had better postpone my conversation with this ridiculous chit until after I have seen him. I'll send him a note to the club to look in when I come from my drive." Mason"—aloud—"is the carriage at the door?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Lilias, do you drive to-day?" inquired the dowager.

"No, thank you, Lady Strathgyle."

"Ah—well, then, let me advise you to lie down and try to get a nap. You are quite feverish"—touching one of Lilias's cheeks, upon which burnt round red spot of crimson—"and your appetite has quite failed. You should take care of your health—you young people are so imprudent; all sorts of fancies come from deranged health. Pray get a little rest: Estelle shall bring you a cooling draught. Good-by, my dear, and God bless you," concluded the dowager with anxious fervor.

Lilias could not help smiling again, to find herself treated as an invalid, instead of a criminal.

"It was always the dowager's way," she remembered, recurring to the old days when Lady Strathgyle invariably punished any childish transgression with Gregory's powder. And she remembered, too, with a little shiver, the subduing effect of that unsuitable mode of treatment, and devoutly wished the coming trial of strength well over.

The dowager was in reality a more formidable adversary than Strathgyle—her resources were more extensive, and her strategy was more scientific. And Lilias knew instinctively that there was one weak point in her own armor which for worlds she would not leave undefended, and at Lady Strathgyle's mercy.

So she obeyed the dowager's direction and rested herself in her own room, collecting her forces and reconnoitring the ground before her as well as she was able.

She drank all Estelle's little *tisanes* and *fleur d'oranger* with the resignation of a martyr, smiling at each potion, and wondering, even as she smiled, at the strangeness of this life, where the comedy and the tragedy lie so close together that the one jostles the other, all the time bewildering the deepest thoughts with an incongruous element, and touching the lightest with a warning note of sadness.

CHAPTER XX.

L ADY STRATHGYLE'S carriage dashed down Pall Mall and drew up in front of her son's club; and presently Lord Strathgyle lounged down the steps, and lit his hat with the air of superior nonchalance peculiar to him.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Get up, Strathgyle, and drive with me. I missed you this morning."

"Is it worth while?" said he, hesitating.

"I think so," she answered, decisively.

And both of them knew that the question and answer had nothing to do with the first proposition; and then the carriage turned up St. James's Street and along Piccadilly, and so into the park, where all the world witnessed the unusual spectacle of the dowager and her son driving together, and one half at least looked disappointedly at the heavy, impulsive figure laid back against the purple cushions that had of late served as a background to a beautiful fair face which had grown to be the unconscious cynosure of many eyes. It was not until the carriage turned out of the fashionable treadmill, on its way home, that the dowager spoke.

"Strathgyle," said she, suddenly, "what am I to say to Lilias?"

"What has Lilias said to you?" purred he.

"Some rubbish," she answered, "about having broken off her engagement. Have you a lover's quarrel?"

"Hardly," he answered, "since it seems to me that we are no longer lovers. Lilias repudiates that sort of thing altogether."

"Drive on, Howarth," commanded Lady Strathgyle to her coachman, as Grosvenor Square was reached—back to Pall Mall, and set Lord Strathgyle down. This is absurd," she added, in a different tone, to her son: "Lilias should know better than to treat serious matters with such childish flippancy. It is quite time the marriage was arranged."

"It will never be arranged," said he.

"And you are willing to give it up?" she asked, turning to him; and then she caught a glimpse of his face as it settled back again to its normal impassiveness, and repeated the question.

"It must be arranged," said she, imperatively. "Lilias is a foolish child; she does not know her own mind."

"She has expressed it very clearly, at all events," remarked he.

"What does she say, then?"

"She declines to marry me, in plain language."

"After having been engaged to you for ten years?"

"She repudiates that engagement as having been made for and not by her, and asserts the superior right of her mature judgment to choose for herself."

"Mature fiddlesticks!" retorted the dowager, impatiently. "If she had any judgment at all, she would see that the arrangement makes her the luckiest girl in the world."

Strathgyle took off his hat and bowed low.

"You are very good to say so," said he, "but unfortunately the young lady is of a different opinion."

"Then her opinion must be changed," snapped the dowager. "Even Elaine, sentimental goose as she is, will hardly allow her to sacrifice her best interests to a ridiculous caprice."

"I do not think it is caprice," said Strathgyle, slowly.

"Then what is it if it is not?" cried the dowager, quickly. "That would be too disgraceful," she added, with emphasis, checked by an ominous cloud on her son's brow. "They manage these things better in France," the dowager went on, after a few moments of displeased silence. "The

"Miladi has found a rich heiress for *milord*, and so complains herself, now that it is too late, that he loves mademoiselle, who is so beautiful now that her affair has settled itself, and who sleeps so tranquilly there. And so *miladi* finds her *coiffures* do not go well, and she will disperse the content of mademoiselle, and perhaps break her heart; and she will send to Maurice, and destroy the reputation of an *artiste* who has been educated in the best houses in Paris?"

This was the romance which the ingenious Frenchwoman composed to account for the ruffled temper of her mistress, whilst *Lilias*, disturbed in her sleep, dreamed that a large white cat, with stealthy step and gleaming eyes, was preparing to spring upon her. She started up with a little cry, dropping the Afghan blanket on to the floor, and stared confoundedly at *Lady Strathgyle*, seated before the fire, and warming her little silk-incased toes at the blaze.

(To be continued.)

THOMAS CARLYLE.

DR. WESTLAND MARSTON, in a letter to a friend in this city, says that "Thomas Carlyle is in so enfeebled a condition that his physician has recommended him, as his only chance of life, to spend the ensuing Summer in Wales. He consequently has, in conjunction with his friend Froude, the well-known English historian, taken a cottage in that romantic land, where he is now nursing the dying embers of his life." As the "great distortor of our language" (as Douglas Jerrold called Carlyle many years ago) is now in his eightieth year, this Summer will doubtless close his industrious and useful career. A short sketch, therefore, will not be out of place. Born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, in 1795, he passed his earliest years on his father's farm, receiving the rudiments of his education at the village school, whence he was sent to the Edinburgh University, where he became acquainted with the celebrated Edward Irving. On leaving the University he engaged as tutor in a private family, which he accompanied to Germany. Here he perfected himself in the language of which he has made so much use. In 1823 he published his "Life of Schiller," which exhibited very few traces of that involved style which he afterwards adopted, and which has now become his natural phraseology. In 1827 he married Miss Jennie Welch, a lineal descendant of John Knox. He lived with her for nearly forty years in great harmony, and being without children, she devoted herself to his literary comfort. She died suddenly, about seven years ago, of heart-disease, when riding in the Regent's Park, London. A pleasant anecdote is told of her. While Leigh Hunt was strolling one morning in the private grounds of Holland House, a privilege granted to him by Lord Holland—who was a great patron of literary men—he was met by Lord John Russell, then one of Queen Victoria's Ministers. In the course of conversation the Minister said that the Queen had been pleased to grant Carlyle a pension of two hundred pounds a year, adding, "As you, Mr. Hunt, are a near neighbor of his, it will perhaps be an agreeable task to be the first to announce the compliment to him." Leigh Hunt was soon at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where the author of "Sartor Resartus" resided. Mrs. Carlyle was so delighted with the good news that she threw her arms round the messenger's neck, and gave him a good hearty "Scotch smack," as they call a kiss in the Land of Cakes. The next morning Leigh Hunt sent to Mrs. Carlyle this verse:

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your book, put that in!
Say I'm ugly, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me!"

Although the writings of Carlyle are distinguished by such a strange distortion of the English tongue, his conversation is remarkably simple and straightforward. He talks right to the point. His hatred of sham is fearlessly expressed. On one occasion, when a lady of distinction, at whose house the Scotch philosopher was a guest, bewailed the wickedness of the Jews in not receiving Jesus as their Saviour, she finished her diatribe against them by saying: "How different would have been His reception had He appeared in our own time! How delighted we should all be to throw our doors open to Him, and listen to His divine precepts! Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?"

The plain-spoken philosopher, thus appealed to, said, in his broadest Scotch accent, "No, madam, I don't. I think, had He come with plenty of money, and good recommendations, and fashionably dressed, and preached doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honor to receive from your ladyship a card of invitation on the back of which would be written: 'To Meet our SAVIOUR'; but if He had come denouncing those aristocrats, the Pharisees, and associating with the Publicans and Radicals of the day, we should have treated him now very much as the Jews did then, and cried out, 'Take him to Newgate and hang him!'"

It must be confessed there is very little cheerfulness and hope in Carlyle's philosophy. Leigh Hunt relates an amusing instance of this. One night when coming out with Carlyle from a friend's house, where Hunt had been dilating upon the cheerfulness and glory of Nature, while Carlyle had been taking a dyspeptic view of existence, the genial poet, pointing to the starry heavens, said in his buoyant and Harold Skimpole manner: "What do you think, my dear friend, of that magnificent evidence of the goodness and splendor of God?"

Carlyle looked up, and said, with a despondent sigh: "It is a very sad sight, indeed." Leigh Hunt was so taken back at this novel view of the glories of creation, that he had not another word to say till he bade Carlyle good-bye at his door, which was but a stone's throw from his own home.

We shall conclude these reminiscences of a great man, so soon to be called away from us, by recording the fact that Carlyle has a contempt for the poets, who, he says, would have been useful to the world if they had only written in prose; and when Tennyson sent him one of his new poems, Carlyle said to his wife: "Why in the devil's ain name did not Tennyson write all this in plain prose, without spoiling it by putting it into verse? Burns, Shakespeare and Byron would have benefited their fellow-creatures if they only had the common sense to write what they had to say in good honest prose." Margaret Fuller, in a letter she wrote to Emerson in 1846, gives an amusing account of an evening she passed at Carlyle's house in Chelsea, "when he amused and chagrined her with his diatribes against the greatest poets for their perversity in writing in poetry what they could have much better said in simple prose."

INTO THE CITY OF GOD.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati *Gazette* has some interesting sketches of Jerusalem and its environs. The "Wailing Place at the Walls of the Temple" still has its devotees, and is seldom without Jews in humiliation before it even now.

We looked from the walls of the temple over into the Valley of Jehoshaphat and saw Absalom's Pillar, and other objects of interest. The Garden of Gethsemane was pointed out, and over against us was the Mount of Olives with its triple summit and the crown of the Church of the Ascension, and the buildings erected by the Princess de la tour d'Auvergne. The olive trees had lost their leaves, and were bleak and bare, and the sides of the hill had an uninviting appearance. Down to the Brook Kedron our gaze extended, or, rather, to its bed, as the valley was dry and dusty, as if no brook had flowed there. Other places of historical or traditional note were pointed out, but we were too far away to discern them clearly. We left the temple and proceeded to the Wailing Place of the Jews; here are the foundations, or a small portion of the lower walls, of the great temple, where, every Friday, the Jews come to weep and wail over their downfall. Half a dozen Jews were there at the time of our visit; with their faces to the stone, they read from their prayer-books in a low, wailing tone that was exceedingly impressive. At the wailing-place there are visible five courses of bevelled stones in a fine state of preservation; in some places they have been worn considerably by the kisses of the devotees that for many centuries have pressed around them and wept for the downfall of Jerusalem. Both sexes and all ages are represented here, and they have come from all quarters of the globe.

"Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land is dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken spell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell!"

A CALIFORNIA WONDER.

THE tract of country known as the State Range Valley is probably one of the most curious that Southern California can boast of. It is there the immense deposits of borax were discovered something like a year ago, and at that time the whole lower or central part of the basin was covered with a white deposit, breaking away in some places in large soda reefs, in others resembling the waves of the ocean, and still others stretching out for miles in one unbroken level, from which the sun reflected its rays with a glare almost unendurable. But one of the most singular features in connection with this section was the absence of rain or moisture; the days were ever sunny and hot, the nights without dew, and generally warm. For more than five years, it is said by those who claim to know, there had been no rain there, until some three months since the spell was broken.

Suddenly, and with scarcely any warning, rain commenced to fall, and for thirty hours came down steadily and unceasingly, unaccompanied by wind, but yet a thorough drenching rain. For two or three days it remained pleasant, when a huge waterspot was seen winding its way through the valley. It came in a zigzag way across the upper end of the lake, striking the range of hills on the east side, and coursing rapidly along them. The cations and gorges were soon filled with water, which poured from them in a fearful volume, and spread itself out upon the bottom. In a short time it was over, and the denizens of the place now look for another dry season of five years.

THE SAN JOAQUIN CANAL.

THE Sacramento correspondent of the *Alt California* writes: "A number of the leading grangers from the San Joaquin Valley are here, and engaged in perfecting a gigantic scheme for irrigating the large tract lying between the San Joaquin River and the Sierra Nevada Mountains. This tract is about 130 miles long, by between 20 and 30 miles wide, and extends from the point where the San Joaquin River emerges from the Sierras to Stockton. It contains 26,000 square miles of fine agricultural lands, or 1,644,000 acres. Across these lands run the Fresno, Chowchilla, Mariposa, Merced, Tuolumne and Stanislaus Rivers, and Bear Creek, several of which are streams of considerable size. Now, what those grangers propose is this: To build a canal from where the San Joaquin comes out of the Sierras along the tortuous base of the mountain range down to Stockton, and from this to irrigate the land of the plains below. This canal is to be 130 miles long, and at least eight feet deep. There are to be solid masonry aqueducts at points where the canal crosses the streams above mentioned, with a system of flumes through which an additional supply of water can be obtained when desired, and through which lumber can be floated. The canal is also to be used as a means through which farmers can reach the market with their produce; in other words, to take the place of a railroad. It is estimated that it will cost \$100,000 per mile to construct the canal, and supply it with the branch supply, mains for ranches, locks, etc., complete. This would put the total cost at \$13,000,000. It is proposed that the State shall appoint Commissioners to build the canal and superintend its management; that bonds be issued for that purpose; that a tax of one dollar per year for every acre be levied upon the land under cultivation (and every foot of it can be worked), which, if half of the land was tilled, would amount to \$822,000 annually. In a few years, it is claimed, the indebtedness could be cleared up, and the canal from that time forward would afford a constant revenue to the State. It is intended that the canal shall be navigated by vessels of 100 tons."

DANIEL WEBSTER OUTDONE.

A LAWYER in Milwaukee was defending a hand-some young woman accused of stealing from a large, unoccupied building in the night-time, and thus he spoke in conclusion: "Gentlemen of the jury, I am done. When I gaze with enraptured eyes on the matchless beauty of this peerless virgin, on whose resplendent charms suspicion never dared to breathe; when I behold her radiant in the glorious bloom of lustrous loveliness which angelic sweetness might envy but could not eclipse; before which the star on the brow of night grows pale, and the diamonds of Brazil are dim; and then reflect upon the utter madness and folly of supposing that so much beauty would expose itself to the terrors of an empty building in the cold, damp dead of night, when innocence like hers is hiding itself among the snowy pillows of repose; gentlemen of the jury, my feelings are too overpowering for expression, and I throw her into your arms for protection against this foul charge, which the outrageous malice of a disappointed scoundrel has invented to blast the fair name of this lovely maiden, whose smile shall be the reward of the verdict which I know you will give!" The jury convicted her without leaving their seats.

"Boy, is that a licensed dog?" asked a Detroit policeman. "No," said the youngster; "he's a rat terrier dog, and I'm taking him down to have his teeth filed."

LUMBERING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

A MERRY-MAKING SCENE.

THE life of a lumber raftsman is one of peril and hardship, but in seasons of relaxation the toilers gather in cabins and public-houses, and enjoy themselves most heartily: some telling stories of wild and desperate adventures, others playing cards or indulging in an old-fashioned breakdown. Our illustration represents one of these merry-making scenes in an ale-house on the Susquehanna.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE QUEEN AND COLONEL FESTING.—On St. George's Day, Thursday, April 23d, Her Majesty Queen Victoria reviewed at Gosport the Naval Brigade, three hundred strong, which had survived the rigors of the Ashante campaign. The Brigade was commanded by Colonel Festing, one of the most gallant officers in the British Navy, who especially distinguished himself in Ashante. He was made a K.C.M.G. by the Queen, and thus became Sir Francis Morgan Festing. Several officers were presented to the Queen.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.—Our sketch from India represents native women grinding in their primitive mills the corn or rice which they have obtained from the Government Relief Agents. These hand mills are similar to those now to be found among the peasantry of Europe. It is slow work, and very laborious, but the machine grinds faster and finer than one would suppose, judging of its capabilities without trying them.

RISING AN INDIAN.—Our illustration shows the method which has been successfully adopted to raise the large East Indian accidentally sunk in the Thames River, about two miles below Gravesend, on the 26th of March. Two old naval hulks, those of the corvette *Icarus* and *Royalist*, were anchored by the vessel, one on each side. Divers passed twelve chains of the largest size beneath the hull of the sunken ship. The two hulks were then chained down at low tide by the chains that lay underneath the submerged vessel. At high tide all three vessels rose, and the Indian was towed into shallow water, there to be lightened of her cargo and repaired.

WRECK OF A STEAMSHIP.—The screw-steamer *Queen Elizabeth*, of Glasgow, on her voyage home from Calcutta, was wrecked on the night of Thursday, March 12th, at Calaparra, seven miles from Cabrita Point, the headland of Gibraltar Bay. She had seventy persons on board, with crew and passengers, and a valuable cargo of indigo, raw silk, jute, tea, shellac, and other Indian produce. She came by the way of the Red Sea, the Suez Canal, and the Mediterranean. The lookout man mistook the shore lights, and the ship at 9 P.M. ran upon a ledge of shingle and was wrecked. Twenty-three persons were drowned in landing the passengers and crew by the upsetting of a lifeboat. The rest were got off safely in the manner shown in our engraving.

SCIENTIFIC BALLOON ASCENSION.—Parisian scientific men are fonder of going up in balloons than those of any other nation. It suits their character, which is naturally an inflated one. Recently a balloon ascension was made from the Champs Elysées, Paris, for scientific purposes solely, by MM. Croce, Spinelli and Sivel. Our picture shows it at an altitude of several hundred feet.

FOOTBALL MATCH, YOKOHAMA.—Wherever the English go, they cling to their national peculiarities with remarkable tenacity, and John Bull carries with him a passion for plum-pudding, pale ale, cold baths, horse-racing, cricket, croquet, newspapers and football. There is a British colony at Yokohama, Japan, and they have introduced, as our engraving shows, the mysteries of the latter game to the wondering foreigners, who are amazed that the English do not have men to play it for them, thinking it too hard work to be done for nothing.

FUN.

FUR-FETCHED—Alaska seal-skins.

A BLACKSMITH is always striking for wages. What throat is the best for a singer to reach high notes with?—A soar throat.

AMONG the oil paintings in San Francisco is a picture of General Jackson just from the bath.

A TENNESSEE detective says that if he didn't know Brownlow he would arrest him for old Bender.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* adds to a marriage announcement: "Their mothers did not know they were out."

The Duluth people call a canoe a gondola, and are so precise in their language that they speak of a jack-knife as a John-knife.

"KISSING your sweetheart," says a trifling young man, "is like eating soup with a fork; it takes a long time to get enough."

A KENTUCKY farmer says that three good bulldogs roaming the yard nights will do more to keep a man honest than all the talking in the world.

THE saddest thing in life is to see a young person who has burnt all the hair off her forehead with a hot slate pencil, and cannot afford to buy a row of curlers.

TRUTH WILL OUT.—*Mabel*—"Yes! that young man is very fond of you." *Mabel*—"I told you such nonsense!" *Mabel*—"I had it from his own lips!"

MRS. WILLIAMS, of La Crosse, talked too much, and her husband filled her mouth with wafers, but the Court decided that this wasn't no wafer to stop her, and fined Williams \$25.

WHEN you see a bareheaded man following a cow through the front gate, and filling the air with garden implements and profanity, you may know that his cabage plants have been set out.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE farmer's wife fell into a well, and it was four days before he missed her and made search. He said he thought the house was unusually quiet, but he didn't know what made it so.

ONE of the men connected with a menagerie went to church recently, and heard a chapter from the Revelations. He said, when he came out, that he would like to engage the person who wrote about those beasts with seven heads to travel with his show and lecture on the animals.

WHEN an Ohio railroad engineer detects a rag baby on the track, he immediately reverses the engine and stops the train; but let him have a chance at a human being, and he dashes ahead at full speed, exclaiming to the coal-heaver, while a holy enthusiasm lights up his countenance: "There's going to be another angel born, Billy!"

THURSDAY evening of last week was a Spring evening. Forty thousand screaming demons rode the winds that surged through the streets, crumpling up the hard snow and frozen mud, and blinding pedestrians with the powder. All night long the demons howled, shutters rattled, signs croaked, branches groaned, and shed-doors slammed. All night long the beautiful birds of Spring hung their heads and hushed their carols, and all night long the sweet flowers of the gladsome Springtime shrunk within their petals and smothered their fragrance within their palpitating bosoms, and boarders screamed for more quilts.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL SHERMAN is going to live in St. Louis.

FOUR staterooms were reserved for Nilsson on the steamer *Scioto*.

EIGHT of the twelve members of the present English Cabinet are authors.

JENNY LIND, in 1862, called Northampton, Mass., "the Paradise of America."

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard College, has returned from his European tour.

NEWMAN HALL lectured in Spurgeon's Tabernacle, on Niagara Falls, recently.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY proposes to visit this country. He should go to Arkansas.

GENERAL JOSEPH R. HAWLEY is to deliver the Decoration-Day address, at Arlington, Va.

GOLDWIN SMITH wants to disestablish the Church of England, and give its money to the poor.

A PARIS shopkeeper displays this sign: "The man with the fork! The one that he swallowed was purchased here!"

NOW THAT fares to Europe are reduced to \$15, the Rochester *Democrat* thinks that Secretary Richardson's time has come.

BROOKS and BAXTER, the official guerrillas of Arkansas, are members and pewholders in the same Methodist church in Little Rock.

MR. KAVANAGH, a member of the British Parliament, has neither legs nor arms. He holds his pen in his mouth when he writes.

ANNA LOUISE CARY is not to marry Strakosch, nor Maurel, but a young lawyer and journalist in Maine, according to last accounts.

A CHILD in Buffalo, the other day, tied crape on the door knob to see if the carriage would come and take them out riding, as it did the family across the way.

DAVID A. WELLS, the free-trade political economist, has been elected a foreign member of the French Academy, to take the place of the late John Stuart Mill.

MR. GLADSTONE regrets having given so many years to politics. "How little," said he, "do politics affect the life—the moral life—of a nation! One single good book influences the people a vast deal more."

JEFF. DAVIS attended a recent examination of deaf and dumb children in London, and Earl Granville introduced him as a "distinguished stranger who wished to inform himself of the method of their education."

MR. WARREN LELAND says that his new hotel in San Francisco will be twice the size of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, a quarter larger than Barnum's Hippodrome, and twice the size of A. T. Stewart's up-town store.

THE Paris *Figaro* says that M. Thiers is "as superstitious as a Roman, or an old woman." Whenever he used to visit the Elysée, the rooks were driven out of their trees, they being considered as carrying evil with them.

SIXTEEN or eighteen years ago two embryo statesmen were candidates for the office of county surveyor at St. Louis. To-day the successful candidate is a St. Louis Aderman, while the other is President of the United States.

JOHN BRIGHT has presented a piece of sculpture, representing the hand of Cobden in white marble resting on an open Bible and pointing to the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," to the new Brighton Picture Gallery.

THE two pygmies of whom Bayard Taylor recently wrote have decided to lecture in this country next season. The author of "Gulliver's Travels" will be severely criticized, and some of his strongest statements shown to be malicious and false.

MABEL.

A MORTAL maiden she, yet standing there
Upon the terrace that overlooks the sea
Far rippling in the blue obscurity
Of star creating twilight, her loosened hair
Half floating in the breeze, her thoughtful eyes
Gazing with a longing unexpressed
Where the sky sleeps upon the ocean's breast,
Her soul entranced by its own harmonies,

She seemeth in her childlike confidence
A breathing Galatea fair and chaste,
Or angel earthward sent, with one foot placed
Upon the threshold of the world of sense.
She hath but fifteen Summers, still she would
Solve the great problems of the sea—the sea of womanhood.

THE CURSE OF CAERGWYN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS,"
"IVY'S PROBATION," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

"M ADEMOISELLE makes *fête*," remarked the observant Estelle, on the morning after Lilius had written to her mother. "Is it that *milord* comes to-day so early?"

To the French maid the alterations of dress were as suggestive as are the signs of weather to a shepherd. How better could a lady express her feelings than by the charming and appropriate language of the toilet?

And Lilius's choice of her most becoming morning-dress, her carefully selected ribbons, and the little freshly gathered posy of the flower which was not, Estelle admitted, by daylight so sombre, could have but one meaning according to the maid's reading. She could not know how Lilius was holding jubilee in her heart, and celebrating by these little signs and tokens the freedom she had won at last.

Strathgyle, contrary to his usual custom, did come early that morning. The truth was that he was restless and unsettled, and he followed the bent of his footsteps without much heed, and that bent led him to Grosvenor Square.

He found Lilius sitting amongst the flowers in his mother's boudoir—the dowager never appeared down-stairs until luncheon-time—and, as he sat down opposite to her, he saw there was light in her eyes and a soft tremulous sort of agitation about her which made her appear lovelier than ever he remembered to have seen her. He was not insensible, either, to the becomingness of her toilet, and the general air of what Estelle had called "*fête*" about her.

Then as he drew a little nearer to her, he saw the sprig of purple heather amongst the sea-green ribbons at her throat, and he remembered that she had worn that same flower, his own Highland badge, the evening before; and that little treacherous emblem beckoned him on to his undoing.

"Lilius," said he, "the other seven years are not past yet, it is true, but there are times when weeks and months count for years. I am not sure myself that Jacob's reckoning of time corresponded with ours—I am inclined to think, on the contrary, that the ill-used patriarch spoke from his own appreciation of the interval and not from any authorized table of dates; and, from that point of view, you can afford to let me off—let me see, six years, five months and a day or two. You will scarcely be harder than that shabby fellow Laban, you know."

He was speaking in that low, musical voice of his, and his hands, in spite of the assumed lightness of his tone, trembled so much that he was fain to lay down the scrap of "finger-end work" which he had taken up from the little table near her.

She knew then, by a sweet, new-born intuition, what this expectation was to him; she realized for the first time that this freedom, which was so dear to her, was to cost him the hopes and the love, the strongly rooted, slowly ripened love, of a lifetime. The easy familiarity of their relations had hitherto blinded her to these things.

All at once, as he sat there before her, she understood it, and her heart went out to him as it had never done before.

"Oh, Strathgyle," she cried, with tears raining down her cheeks, "I am so sorry—I am so sorry!"

"Why?" asked he, fencing with the truth, whilst his lips blanched, and he rose up and stood over her, so that she might not see his face. "Why, Lilius?"

"Because, Strathgyle," she answered, sobbing, "I can never, either now or at any other time, be what you wish."

"I can only repeat my question—Why not, Lilius?"

"Because," she answered, struggling with the great, undefined repulsion which swelled up again like a mountain before her—"because it has all been a mistake—because, Strathgyle, we should never be happy together."

"I should be happy," he affirmed.

"No, you would not. Oh, Strathgyle," she broke off, weeping still, "be my dear cousin—my brother, if you will—and forget that there was ever question of anything else between us."

"Forget!" he repeated bitterly. "Do you think it so easy to forget, that it can be done at a word?"

No, she did not think it easy; she knew that it was impossible, and her heart smote her that she gave him only hollow words to heal the wounds of her own making.

"I am so sorry—so sorry, Strathgyle," she repeated, covering her face with her hands.

And this was all. His great love was impotent to move her to more than a little, soft, pitiful regret. For the great and cruel wrong she was doing him she had nothing but a few tears and the proffer of a calm, cold, sisterly regard with which to propose to compensate him.

He stood still, dumb with the sense of the mighty wrong she was inflicting so easily—with, as it seemed to him, so little compunction—upon him; and then his anger rose. And Strathgyle's anger, slow-brooding as it was in general, was apt to be very bitter, and even savage, when it came to the outburst.

"Lilius," said he, "you are a woman, and women have privileges which I at least do not envy them. You may break faith and repudiate contracts, and smile at the solemn obligations by which we men are bound, and you may ruin our lives, and go scot-free afterwards. I congratulate you on your immunities; you have known how to profit by them."

"Strathgyle!" pleaded Lilius.

"Yes," he went on, remorselessly, "for what you are doing now a man would be branded by the world as a traitor, a coward and a villain; but you are a woman, and you can go on your way, and hold up your head, you know, and be as blameless as the rest. I congratulate you."

Was she really so mean and base? She covered her face in shame before him, half believing that it was so when he spoke it with that scathing bitterness of reproach.

"But sometimes," went on Strathgyle, "there

are men who can be called to account for the injuries women have inflicted upon us other men. If there should be such a man now, I warn you, Lilius"—he stooped down until his white face and threatening eyes were on a level with hers—"he shall answer to me when the time comes."

For an instant she was cowed by the cold fury of his tone, and shrank shivering before him; then she suddenly dashed her hands from before her face, and stood up.

"Strathgyle," she cried, "you have a right. I suppose—I don't know—to be angry with me, but you have no right to implicate others."

"Then there are others!"

"No," she denied; "I alone am responsible for what I have done, and I have no desire to shelter myself behind the privileges of my sex. I will take all the consequences and bear all the blame, if there be any, before all the world."

"I have already told you," he replied, with quiet bitterness, "that you have nothing to fear from the world."

"I think not," she returned, with spirit. "The world may judge between us, Strathgyle. It may know that it is not my own solemn engagements or my own deliberately pledged faith which I have broken, but a faith which was given for me, and engagements which were made in my name before I knew what they meant."

She looked so handsome in her brave defiance that he forgot to answer her. He knew that he was formidable when the latent strength of his temper and will was aroused, and it moved his admiration to see how fearlessly she confronted him. He could have despised a weak, whining won an and let her go, but this spirit was just what he liked and admired, and his anger at losing Lilius grew more bitter every moment. And as the bitterness grew, a burning desire for vengeance against somebody—anybody but Lilius herself—grew also.

As for Lilius, he could have forgiven her all; he could have taken her into his arms and poured out all the inextinguishable tenderness of the great love which nothing—no words of hers—could turn into hatred. It was as much as he could do at that moment to prevent the great flood from breaking forth. At a word, a look, his whole soul would have been at her feet in gentlest supplication.

As it was, he seemed to her only cold and cruel, as he turned away with that fierce light in his eyes and the smothered sound which might have been a curse upon his lips. And she wondered, as she sat down again—trembling now that all was over—could this bitter, vindictive man be the same kind, generous Strathgyle who had been her playfellow in her youth, and whom she had loved as a dear and only brother—she knew now—all through her life.

Then, too, the importance of the step she had taken revealed itself in a new and startling light, and terrified her flesh.

Was she responsible for the change in Strathgyle? Must either her life or his be sacrificed? And could it be that she was required rather to subscribe to those impossible conditions for herself than to inflict what he had called a cruel wrong on him?

"No, no, no!" cried something within her, which her instinct told her was truer than the agitated reasoning of the moment; and that old mountain of opposition rose up again.

She could never marry Strathgyle. Truth and honor, and something which she did not define, but which carried irresistible weight, all told her with solemn emphasis that she could not, let the consequences of breaking off with him be what they might. She could only set herself resolutely to take the worst of these consequences.

Just as she had gathered up her courage thus afresh, the dowager came in, smiling and satisfied. Estelle had told her that *milord* had paid a long visit to "mademoiselle," and being full and brimming over with the delightful mystery and excitement of the occasion as she imagined it, the Frenchwoman had managed to convey to the dowager her impressions as to the significant signs and tokens in "mademoiselle's" toilet and demeanor generally.

"So," thought the dowager, complacently, "she is thinking better of it after all; and Lady Durnford was wrong about that young Caergwyn, or, seeing him again after a season of absence and of wider experience, my young lady has found herself disenchanted. Caergwyn may be very well at Caergwyn, with nothing else to do but to amuse oneself with the only materials at hand; but in

*On revient toujours
A ses premiers amours.*

After all, that meeting has been all in our favor, and I can forgive Lady Durnford," concluded the dowager, as Estelle put the finishing touches to her complexion for the day.

So she came in upon Lilius's reverie, gracious and elated, and held out her hand and kissed her young kinswoman on both cheeks with a fervor from which Lilius shrank, conscience-stricken.

"Strathgyle has been here," began the dowager, as she took her seat.

But once seated, her observant eyes revealed to her that her satisfaction was probably premature. For the floor of her boudoir was figuratively like a disastrous battle-field, strewn with the emblems of defeat and confusion. A chair overturned in Strathgyle's hasty retreat, Lilius's work dropped on the ground, a long trail of unwound silk marking its path to destruction beneath Strathgyle's reckless feet, the leaves of her scented verbena-plant crushed by nervous, unheeding fingers, and scattered about the base of the ebony and gold tripod which had supported their graceful, living growth an hour before—all these ominous tokens prepared Lady Strathgyle for Lilius's first words.

"Yes, Strathgyle has been here," said she; "and I ought to tell you at once what has passed between us. I have told him what I have been feeling very strongly of late—that I cannot fulfill the engagement our parents made for us long ago."

"Oh, my dear," answered the dowager, coolly, shaking a shred of silk from her dress as she spoke, "of course that is all nonsense."

Lilius stared at her in astonishment. She had made her confession with the solemnity of a judicial announcement, and this was how Lady Strathgyle was taking it!

"Will you have the goodness to ring the bell?" asked the dowager. "We will ask if luncheon is served. We can talk about this ridiculous business afterwards."

"But, Lady Strathgyle—" began Lilius, earnestly, with her hand on the bell.

"Ring, my dear. I am dying for luncheon, and I really cannot discuss any subject until afterwards."

"Luncheon is served, my lady," announced the butler at that moment.

"That is right, Mason. Now, Lilius." And her ladyship did full justice to the elaborate *menu* provided by her French cook, whilst Lilius sent away each *plat* untouched.

"I cannot breakfast as you young people do," remarked the dowager, glancing her way. "Estelle brings me a cup of coffee and a mouthful of toast at nine o'clock—that is all—and I am satisfied for my luncheon. People who can eat a good breakfast are independent. I quite envy you."

Lilius, on her side, envied the dowager the cool composure which carried her so comfortably through that trying half-hour, and wondered, as she sat there, with every nerve thrilling, and every pulse beating, if anything could impair Lady Strathgyle's appetite, and if she, weak and fasting, would be able by-and-by to hold her own against a judge fortified by sherry and Chamberlain, and all the resources of a scientific *cuisine*.

"It's hardly fair—it really isn't," thought Lilius, smiling little to herself as she tried to swallow her one glass of wine, and crumbled a biscuit on her plate. "I wish it were well over. What a very awful person Lady Strathgyle is after luncheon! I think I shall retreat to my own room and write her a letter, and then barricade the door until mamma comes."

The dowager saw the smile, as she saw everything, and thought it very impudent.

"The maids are laughing at us!" said she. "This is Elaine's training. She has spoilt the girl completely. But I'll engage to bring her to her senses; we are not going to have a family *exclandre* of this sort. I wonder what Strathgyle has said or done. He ought to have come to me," she parenthesized, mentally, with irritation. "And, now I think of it, I had better postpone my conversation with this ridiculous chit until after I have seen him. I'll send him a note to the club to look in when I come from my drive. Mason"—aloud—"is the carriage at the door?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Lilius, do you drive to-day?" inquired the dowager.

"No, thank you, Lady Strathgyle."

"Ah—well, then, let me advise you to lie down and try to get a nap. You are quite feverish—" touching one of Lilius's cheeks, upon which burnt a round red spot of crimson—"and your appetite has quite failed. You should take care of your health—you young people are so imprudent; all sorts of fancies come from deranged health. Pray get a little rest: Estelle shall bring you a cooling draught. Good-by, my dear, and God bless you," concluded the dowager with anxious terrors.

Lilius could not help smiling again, to find herself treated as an invalid, instead of a criminal.

"It was always the dowager's way," she remembered, recurring to the old days when Lady Strathgyle invariably punished any childish transgression with Gregory's powder. And she remembered, too, with a little shiver, the subduing effect of that unsuitable mode of treatment, and devoutly wished the coming trial of strength well over.

The dowager was in reality a more formidable adversary than Strathgyle—her resources were more extensive, and her strategy was more scientific. And Lilius knew instinctively that there was one weak point in her own armor which for worlds she would not leave undefended, and at Lady Strathgyle's mercy.

So she obeyed the dowager's direction and rested herself in her own room, collecting her forces and reconnoitring the ground before her as well as she was able.

She drank all Estelle's little *tisanes* and *fleur d'oranger* with the resignation of a martyr, smiling at each potion, and wondering, even as she smiled, at the strangeness of this life, where the comedy and the tragedy lie so close together that the one jostles the other, all the time bewildering the deepest thoughts with an incongruous element, and touching the lightest with a warning note of sadness.

CHAPTER XX.

L ADY STRATHGYLE'S carriage dashed down Pall Mall and drew up in front of her son's club; and presently Lord Strathgyle lounged down the steps, and lit his hat with the air of superior nonchalance peculiar to him.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Get up, Strathgyle, and drive with me. I missed you this morning."

"Is it worth while?" said he, hesitating.

"I think so," she answered, decisively.

And both of them knew that the question and answer had nothing to do with the first proposition; and then the carriage turned up St. James' Street and along Piccadilly, and so into the park, where all the world witnessed the unusual spectacle of the dowager and her son driving together, and one half at least looked disappointedly at the heavy, impulsive figure laid back against the purple cushions that had of late served as a background to a beautiful fair face which had grown to be the unconscious cynosure of many eyes. It was not until the carriage turned out of the fashionable treadmill, on its way home, that the dowager spoke.

"Strathgyle," said she, suddenly, "what am I to say to Lilius?"

"What has Lilius said to you?" parried he.

"Some rubbish," she answered, "about having broken off her engagement. Have you had a lover's quarrel?"

"Hardly," he answered, "since it seems to me that we are no longer lovers. Lilius repudiates that sort of thing altogether."

"Drive on, Howarth," commanded Lady Strathgyle to her coachman, as Grosvenor Square was reached—"back to Pall Mall, and set Lord Strathgyle down." This is absurd," she added, in a different tone, to her son; "Lilius should know better than to treat serious matters with such childish flippancy. It is quite time the marriage was arranged...

"It will never be arranged," said he.

"And you are willing to give it up?" she asked, turning to him; and then she caught a glimpse of his face ere it settled back again to its normal impassiveness, and repeated the question.

"It must be arranged," said she, imperatively. "Lilius is a foolish child; she does not know her own mind."

"She has expressed it very clearly, at all events," remarked he.

"What does she say, then?"

"She declines to marry me, in plain language."

"After having been engaged to you for ten years?"

"She repudiates that engagement as having been made for and not by her, and asserts the superior right of her mature judgment to choose for herself."

"Mature fiddlesticks!" retorted the dowager, impatiently. "If she had any judgment at all, she would see that the arrangement makes her the luckiest girl in the world."

Strathgyle took off his hat and bowed low.

"You are very good to say so," said he, "but unfortunately the young lady is of a different opinion."

"Then her opinion must be changed," snapped the dowager. "Even Elaine, sentimental goose as she is, will hardly allow her to sacrifice her best interests to a ridiculous caprice."

"I do not think it is caprice," said Strathgyle, slowly.

"Then what is it if it is not?" cried the dowager, quickly. "That would be too disgraceful," she added, with emphasis, checked by an ominous cloud on her son's brow. "They manage these things better in France," the dowager went on, after a few moments of displeased silence. "The

"Miladi has found a rich heiress for major, and so complains herself, now that it is too late, that he loves mademoiselle, who is so beautiful now that her affair has settled itself, and who sleeps so tranquilly there. And so miladi finds her coiffures do not go well, and she will disperse the content of mademoiselle, and perhaps break her heart; and she will send to Maurice, and destroy the reputation of an artiste who has been educated in the best houses in Paris?"

This was the romance which the ingenious Frenchwoman composed to account for the ruffled temper of her mistress, whilst Lilius, disturbed in her sleep, dreamed that a large white cat, with stealthy step and gleaming eyes, was preparing to spring upon her. She started up with a little cry, dropping the Afghan blanket on to the floor, and stared confoundedly at Lady Strathgyle, seated before the fire, and warming her little silk-incased toes at the blaze.

(To be continued.)

THOMAS CARLYLE.

DR. WESTLAND MARSTON, in a letter to a friend in this city, says that "Thomas Carlyle is in so enfeebled a condition that his physician has recommended him, as his only chance of life, to spend the ensuing Summer in Wales. He consequently has, in conjunction with his friend Froude, the well-known English historian, taken a cottage in that romantic land, where he is now nursing the dying embers of his life." As the "great distortionist of our language" (as Douglas Jerrold called Carlyle many years ago) is now in his eightieth year, this Summer will doubtless close his industrious and useful career. A short sketch, therefore, will not be out of place. Born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, in 1795, he passed his earliest years on his father's farm, receiving the rudiments of his education at the village school, whence he was sent to the Edinburgh University, where he became acquainted with the celebrated Edward Irving. On leaving the University he engaged as tutor in a private family, which he accompanied to Germany. Here he perfected himself in the language of which he has made so much use. In 1823 he published his "Life of Schiller," which exhibited very few traces of that involved style which he afterwards adopted, and which has now become his natural phraseology. In 1827 he married Miss Jennie Welch, a lineal descendant of John Knox. He lived with her for nearly forty years in great harmony, and being without children, she devoted herself to his literary comfort. She died suddenly, about seven years ago, of heart-disease, when riding in the Regent's Park, London. A pleasant anecdote is told of her. While Leigh Hunt was strolling one morning in the private grounds of Holland House, a privilege granted to him by Lord Holland—who was a great patron of literary men—he was met by Lord John Russell, then one of Queen Victoria's Ministers. In the course of conversation the Minister said that the Queen had been pleased to grant Carlyle a pension of two hundred pounds a year, adding, "As you, Mr. Hunt, are a near neighbor of his, it will perhaps be an agreeable task to be the first to announce the compliment to him." Leigh Hunt was soon at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where the author of "Sartor Resartus" resided. Mrs. Carlyle was so delighted with the good news that she threw her arms round the messenger's neck, and gave him a good hearty "Scotch smack," as they call a kiss in the Land of Cakes. The next morning Leigh Hunt sent to Mrs. Carlyle this verse:

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your book, put that in!
Say I'm ugly, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me!"

Although the writings of Carlyle are distinguished by such a strange distortion of the English tongue, his conversation is remarkably simple and straightforward. He talks right to the point. His hatred of sham is fearlessly expressed. On one occasion, when a lady of distinction, at whose house the Scotch philosopher was a guest, bewailed the wickedness of the Jews in not receiving Jesus as their Saviour, she finished her diatribe against them by saying: "How different would have been His reception had He appeared in our own time! How delighted we should all be to throw our doors open to Him, and listen to His divine precepts! Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?"

The plain-spoken philosopher, thus appealed to, said, in his broadest Scotch accent, "No, madam, I don't. I think had He come with plenty of money, and good recommendations, and fashionably dressed, and preached doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honor to receive from your ladyship a card of invitation on the back of which would be written: 'To Meet our SAVIOUR'; but if He had come denouncing those aristocrats, the Pharisees, and associating with the Publicans and Radicals of the day, we should have treated him now very much as the Jews did then, and cried out, 'Take him to Newgate and hang him!'"

It must be confessed there is very little cheerfulness and hope in Carlyle's philosophy. Leigh Hunt relates an amusing instance of this. One night when coming out with Carlyle from a friend's house, where Hunt had been dilating upon the cheerfulness and glory of Nature, while Carlyle had been taking a dyspeptic view of existence, the genial poet, pointing to the starry heavens, said in his buoyant and Harold Skimpole manner: "What do you think, my dear friend, of that magnificent evidence of the goodness and splendor of God?"

Carlyle looked up, and said, with despondent sigh: "It is a very sad sight, indeed." Leigh Hunt was so taken back at this novel view of the glories of creation, that he had not another word to say till he bade Carlyle good-by at his door, which was but a stone's throw from his own home.

We shall conclude these reminiscences of a great man, so soon to be called away from us, by recording the fact that Carlyle has a contempt for the poets, who, he says, would have been useful to the world if they had only written in prose; and when Tennyson sent him one of his new poems, Carlyle said to his wife: "Why in the devil's name did not Tennyson write all this in plain prose, without spoiling it by putting it into verse? Burns, Shakespeare and Byron would have benefited their fellow-creatures if they only had the common sense to write what they had to say in good honest prose." Margaret Fuller, in a letter she wrote to Emerson in 1846, gives an amusing account of an evening she passed at Carlyle's house in Chelsea, "when he amused and chagrined her with his diastrous against the greatest poets for their perversity in writing in poetry what they could have much better said in simple prose."

INTO THE CITY OF GOD.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati *Gazette* has some interesting sketches of Jerusalem and its environs. The "Wailing Place at the Walls of the Temple" still has its devotees, and is seldom without Jews in humiliation before it even now.

We looked from the walls of the temple over into the Valley of Jehoshaphat and saw Absalom's Pillar, and other objects of interest. The Garden of Gethsemane was pointed out, and over against us was the Mount of Olives with its triple summit and the crown of the Church of the Ascension, and the buildings erected by the Princess de la tour d'Auvergne. The olive trees had lost their leaves, and were bleak and bare, and the sides of the hill had an uninviting appearance. Down to the Brook Kedron our gaze extended, or, rather, to its bed, as the valley was dry and dusty, as if no brook had flowed there. Other places of historical or traditional note were pointed out, but we were too far away to discern them clearly. We left the temple and proceeded to the Wailing Place of the Jews; here are the foundations, or a small portion of the lower walls, of the great temple, where, every Friday, the Jews come to weep and wail over their downfall. A dozen Jews were there at the time of our visit; with their faces to the stone, they read from their prayer-books in a low, wailing tone that was exceedingly impressive. At the wailing-place there are visible five courses of bevelled stones in a fine state of preservation; in some places they have been worn considerably by the kisses of the devotees that for many centuries have pressed around them and wept for the downfall of Jerusalem. Both sexes and all ages are represented here, and they have come from all quarters of the globe.

"Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken spell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell."

A CALIFORNIA WONDER.

THE tract of country known as the State Range Valley is probably one of the most curious that Southern California can boast of. It is there the immense deposits of borax were discovered something like a year ago, and at that time the whole lower or central part of the basin was covered with a white deposit, breaking away in some places in large soda reefs, in others resembling the waves of the ocean, and still others stretching out for miles in one unbroken level, from which the sun reflected its rays with a glare almost unendurable. But one of the most singular features in connection with this section was the absence of rain or moisture; the days were ever sunny and hot, the nights without dew, and generally warm. For more than five years, it is said by those who claim to know, there had been no rain there, until some three months since the spell was broken.

Suddenly, and with scarcely any warning, rain commenced to fall, and for thirty hours came down steadily and unceasingly, unaccompanied by wind, but yet a thorough drenching rain. For two or three days it remained pleasant, when a huge waterspot was seen winding its way through the valley. It came in a zigzag way across the upper end of the lake, striking the range of hills on the east side, and coursing rapidly along them. The canions and gorges were soon filled with water, which poured from them in a fearful volume, and spread itself out upon the bottom. In a short time it was over, and the denizens of the place now look for another dry season of five years.

THE SAN JOAQUIN CANAL.

THE Sacramento correspondent of the *Alta California* writes: "A number of the leading grangers from the San Joaquin Valley are here, and engaged in perfecting a gigantic scheme for irrigating the large tract lying between the San Joaquin River and the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

This tract is about 130 miles long, by between 20 and 30 miles wide, and extends from the point where the San Joaquin River emerges from the Sierras to Stockton. It contains 26,000 square miles of fine agricultural lands, or 1,644,000 acres. Across these lands run the Fresno, Chowchilla, Mariposa, Merced, Tuolumne and Stanislaus Rivers, and Bear Creek, several of which are streams of considerable size. Now, what those grangers propose is this: To build a canal from where the San Joaquin comes out of the Sierras along the tortuous base of the mountain range down to Stockton, and from this to irrigate the land of the plains below. This canal is to be 130 miles long, and at least eight feet deep. There are to be solid masonry aqueducts at points where the canal crosses the streams above mentioned, with a system of flumes through which an additional supply of water can be obtained when desired, and through which lumber can be floated. The canal is also to be used as a means through which farmers can reach the market with their produce; in other words, to take the place of a railroad. It is estimated that it will cost \$100,000 per mile to construct the canal, and supply it with the branch supply, mains for ranches, locks, etc., complete. This would put the total cost at \$13,000,000. It is proposed that the State shall appoint Commissioners to build the canal and superintend its management; that bonds be issued for that purpose; that a tax of one dollar per year for every acre be levied upon the land under cultivation (and every foot of it can be worked), which, if half of the land was tilled, would amount to \$822,000 annually. In a few years, it is claimed, the indebtedness could be cleared up, and the canal from that time forward would afford a constant revenue to the State. It is intended that the canal shall be navigated by vessels of 100 tons."

DANIEL WEBSTER OUTDONE.

A LAWYER in Milwaukee was defending a hand-some young woman accused of stealing from a large, unoccupied building in the night-time, and thus he spoke in conclusion: "Gentlemen of the jury, I am done. When I gaze with enraptured eyes on the matchless beauty of this peerless virgin, on whose resplendent charms suspicion never dared to breathe; when I behold her radiant in the glorious bloom of lustrous loveliness which angelic sweetness might envy but could not eclipse; before which the star on the brow of night grows pale, and the diamonds of Brazil are dim; and then reflect upon the utter madness and folly of supposing that so much beauty would expose itself to the terrors of an empty building in the cold, damp dead of night, when innocence like hers is hiding itself among the snowy pillows of repose; gentlemen of the jury, my feelings are too overpowering for expression, and I throw her into your arms for protection against this foul charge, which the outrageous malice of a disappointed scoundrel has invented to blast the fair name of this lovely maiden, whose smile shall be the reward of the verdict which I know you will give!"

The jury convicted her without leaving their seats.

"Boy, is that a licensed dog?" asked a Detroit policeman. "No," said the youngster; "he's a rat terrier dog, and I'm taking him down to have his teeth filed."

LUMBERING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

A MERRY-MAKING SCENE.

THE life of a lumber raftman is one of peril and hardship, but in seasons of relaxation the toilers gather in cabins and public-houses, and enjoy themselves most heartily; some telling stories of wild and desperate adventures, others playing cards or indulging in an old-fashioned breakdown. Our illustration represents one of these merry-making scenes in an ale-house on the Susquehanna.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE QUEEN AND COLONEL FESTING.—On St. George's Day, Thursday, April 23d, Her Majesty Queen Victoria reviewed at Gosport the Naval Brigade, three hundred strong, which had survived the rigors of the Ashante campaign. The Brigade was commanded by Colonel Festing, one of the most gallant officers in the British Navy, who especially distinguished himself in Ashante. He was made a K.C.M.G. by the Queen, and thus became Sir Francis Morgan Festing. Several officers were present.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.—Our sketch from India represents native women grinding in their primitive mills the corn or rice which they have obtained from the Government Relief Agents. These hand mills are similar to those now to be found among the peasantry of Europe. It is slow work, and very laborious, but the machine grinds faster and finer than one would suppose, judging of its capabilities without trying them.

RAISING AN INDIAN.—Our illustration shows the method which has been successfully adopted to raise the large East Indian accidentally sunk in the Thames River, about two miles below Gravesend, on the 20th of March. Two old naval hulks, those of the corvettes *Leopard* and *Royalist*, were anchored by the vessel, one on each side. Divers passed twelve chains of the largest size beneath the hull of the sunken ship. The two hulks were then chained down at low tide by the chains that lay underneath the submerged vessel. At high tide all three vessels rose, and the Indian was towed into shallow water, there to be lightened of her cargo and repaired.

WRECK OF A STEAMSHIP.—The screw-steamer *Queen Elizabeth*, of Glasgow, on her voyage home from Calcutta, was wrecked on the night of Thursday, March 12th, at Calaparra, seven miles from Cabrita Point, the headland of Gibraltar Bay. She had seventy persons on board, with crew and passengers, and a valuable cargo of indigo, raw silk, jute, tea, shellac, and other Indian produce. She came by the way of the Red Sea, the Suez Canal, and the Mediterranean. The lookout-men mistook the shore lights, and the ship at 9 P.M. ran upon a ledge of shingle and was wrecked. Twenty-three persons were drowned in landing the passengers and crew by the upsetting of a lifeboat. The rest were got off safely in the manner shown in our engraving.

SCIENTIFIC BALLOON ASCENSION.—Parisian scientific men are fonder of going up in balloons than those of any other nation. It suits their character, which is naturally an inflated one. Recently a balloon ascension was made from the Champs Elysées, Paris, for scientific purposes solely, by MM. Croce, Spinelli and Sivel. Our picture shows it at an altitude of several hundred feet.

FOOTBALL MATCH, YOKOHAMA.—Wherever the English go, they cling to their national peculiarities with remarkable tenacity, and John Bull carries with him a passion for plum-pudding, pale ale, cold baths, horse-racing, cricket, croquet, newspapers and football. It is a British colony at Yokohama, Japan, and they have introduced, as our engraving shows, the mysteries of the latter game to the wondering foreigners, who are amazed that the English do not have men to play it for them, thinking it too hard work to be done for nothing.

FUN.

FUR-FETCHED—Alaska seal-skins.

A BLACKSMITH is always striking for wages.

WHAT THROAT is the best for a singer to reach high notes with?—A soprano throat.

AMONG the oil paintings in San Francisco is a picture of General Jackson just from the bath.

A TENNESSEE detective says that if he didn't know Brown he would arrest him for old Boder.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* adds to a marriage announcement: "Their mothers did not know they were out."

THE Duluth people call a canoe a gondola, and are so precise in their language that they speak of a jack-knife as a John-knife.

"KISSING your sweetheart," says a trifling young man, "is like eating soup with a fork; it takes a long time to get enough."

A KENTUCKY farmer says that three good bulldogs roaming the yard nights will do more to keep a man honest than all the talking in the world.

THE saddest thing in life is to see a young person who has burnt all the hair on her forehead with a hot slate pencil, and cannot afford to buy a row of curls.

TRUTH WILL OUT.—*Mabel*—"Yes! that young man is very fond of kissing?" "Mabel, who ever told you such nonsense?" *Mabel*—"I had it from his own lips!"

MRS. WILLIAMS, of La Crosse, talked too much, and her husband filled her mouth with wafers, but the Court decided that this wasn't no wafer to stop her, and fined Williams \$25.

WHEN you see a bareheaded man following a cow through the front gate, and filling the air with garden implements and profanity, you may know that his cabbage plants have been set out.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE farmer's wife fell into a well, and it was four days before he missed her and made search. He said he thought the house was unusually quiet, but he didn't know what made it so.

ONE of the men connected with a menagerie went to church recently, and heard a chapter from the Revelations. He said, when he came out, that he would like to engage the person who wrote about those beasts with seven heads to travel with his show and lecture on the animals.

WHEN an Ohio railroad engineer detects a rag-baby on the track, he immediately reverses the engine and stops the train; but let him have a chance at a human being, and he dashes ahead at full speed, exclaiming to the coal-heaver, while a holy enthusiasm lights up his countenance: "There's going to be another angel born, Billy!"

THURSDAY evening of last week was a Spring evening. Forty thousand screaming demons rode the winds that surged through the streets, crumpling up the hard snow and frozen mud, and blinding pedestrians with the powder. All night long the demons howled, shutters rattled, signs creaked, branches groaned, and shed-doors slammed. All night long the beautiful birds of Spring hung their heads and hushed their carols, and all night long the sweet flowers of the gladsome Springtime shrunk within their petals and smothered their fragrance within their palpitating bosoms, and boarders screamed for more quilts.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL SHERMAN is going to live in St. Louis.

FOUR staterooms were reserved for Nilsson on the steamer *Scioto*.

EIGHT of the twelve members of the present English Cabinet are authors.

JENNY LIND, in 1862, called Northampton, Mass., "the Paradise of America."

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard College, has returned from his European tour.

NEWMAN HALL lectured in Spurgeon's Tabernacle, on Niagara Falls, recently.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY proposes to visit this country. He should go to Arkansas.

GENERAL JOSEPH R. HAWLEY is to deliver the Decoration-Day address, at Arlington, Va.

GOLDWIN SMITH wants to disestablish the Church of England, and give its money to the poor.

A PARIS shopkeeper displays this sign: "The man with the fork! The one that he swallowed was purchased here!"

NOW THAT fares to Europe are reduced to \$15, the Rochester *Democrat* thinks that Secretary Richardson's time has come.

BROOKS and BAXTER, the official guerrillas of Arkansas, are members and pewholders in the same Methodist church in Little Rock.

MR. KAVANAGH, a member of the British Parliament, has neither legs nor arms. He holds his pen in his mouth when he writes.

ANNA LOUISE CARY is not to marry Strakosch, nor Maurel, but a young lawyer and journalist in Maine, according to last accounts.

A CHILD in Buffalo, the other day, tied crape on the door knob to see if the carriage would come and take them out riding, as it did the family across the way.

DAVID A. WELLS, the free-trade political economist, has been elected a foreign member of the French Academy, to take the place of the late John Stuart Mill.

MR. GLADSTONE regrets having given so many years to politics. "How little," said he, "do politics affect the life—the moral life—of a nation! One single good book influences the people a vast deal more."

JEFF. DAVIS attended a recent examination of deaf and dumb children in London, and Earl Granville introduced him as a "distinguished stranger who wished to inform himself of the method of their education."

MR. WARREN LELAND says that his new hotel in San Francisco will be twice the size of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, a quarter larger than Barnum's Hippodrome, and twice the size of A. T. Stewart's up-town store.

THE Paris *Figaro* says that M. Thiers is "as superstitious as a Roman, or an old woman." Whenever he used to visit the Elysée, the rooks were driven out of their trees, they being considered as carrying evil with them.

SIXTEEN or eighteen years ago two embryo statesmen were candidates for the office of county surveyor at St. Louis. To-day the successful candidate is a St. Louiserman, while the other is President of the United States.

JOHN BRIGHT has presented a piece of sculpture, representing the hand of Cobden in white marble resting on an open Bible and pointing to the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," to the new Brighton Picture Gallery.

THE two pygmies of whom Bayard Taylor

HON. WILLIAM W. EATON,
DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR THE U. S.
SENATORSHIP, FROM CONNECTICUT.

MR. EATON, who has been nominated by the Connecticut Democrats for the U. S. Senate, and whose election is secured, is a native of Tolland County, in that State, and a lawyer of large prac-



HON. WILLIAM W. EATON, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR THE UNITED STATES SENATORSHIP, FROM CONNECTICUT.

tice. He received his early political training in South Carolina. He is a man of ability, and for many years he has been considered the strongest man among the Democrats of his State. He vigorously opposed the North during the rebellion, but his personal magnetism is great, and his popularity is widespread. He is pronounced a man of sound integrity, and uncompromisingly in favor of free trade and hard money. He will undoubtedly be elected, as the Democrats and Liberals have an overwhelming majority in the Senate. The ballot-

THE OLD BEEKMAN HOUSE.

IN the early days of New York, when boys drove cows along the path which is now marked by Beekman Street, there was a famous country-seat three miles above.

illustrate, is an ice-dish for table use, and represents a seal-hunt as sometimes practiced by the Esquimaux. The bowl is elliptical. On the ends, which terminate in scrolls, are two platforms representing blocks of ice. On one of these crouches an Esquimaux with a harpoon and lasso, watching a seal, represented on the other platform as just awakened to his danger. On the centre of each side of the dish are reindeer-heads in full relief.

On the sides of these are pierced ornamental scrolls. The base is an oblong square raised on four feet; the standard or upper part of the base is of pierced ornamental work similar to that on the body. On this base is an oval shield bearing the following inscription: "Presented by the emigrated Cubans in New York to Sir Lambton Lorraine, commander-in-Chief of the English forces, took it for his residence, and afterwards the Governor, Sir Henry Clinton, gave Baroness Riedesel, the wife of a Major-General of Hessians, the use of it. The grapes and apricots which grew in its fruitful gardens were famous for miles around.

When Washington retired from the adverse battle of Brooklyn he issued orders at the Beekman House for the army to take position on the Heights of Harlem. When he could no longer defend the city, he told the Beekmans to fly, and in leaving the mansion they concealed many valuables in a secret closet. In 1783 they regained possession of the old homestead, which had, meanwhile, passed through many hands, and found their property untouched. Major Andre slept his last night there before he went out to meet Arnold.

In later years the house

was moved a short distance to a more sightly spot on Fifty-first Street, and quite recently it was torn down to make room for a very fashionable dwelling. Our picture represents the old house

in its early days, when it stood at the foot of Forty-sixth Street, on the East River, and was known as the Mansion House.

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the chain at the right moment; that is, when the sea throws up the boat and permits the chain to be shortened in. The detaching process requires one man, and the attaching two. The following describes our illustration:

A, Attaching bolts; B, Clasps, kept in place by the bars; C, attached to lever D.

By throwing back the lever (D) the bolts (A) are detached.

The lower block (E) of the fall has a clasp (F) attached to it; the chain (G) runs through an opening of the clasps (F).

MEDAL PRESENTED
TO
CHANCELLOR RUNYON.
ON Friday evening, May
1st, there was a large
military gathering at the



ICE-DISH PRESENTED TO SIR LAMBTON LORRAINE BY MR. MIGUEL DE ALDAMA AND MANY PROMINENT CUBANS.

ROCHESTER FREE ACADEMY.

WE give an illustration of the new Free Academy building at Rochester, which was formally dedicated in March with speeches and music. Professor Anderson, of the Rochester University, delivered an address. Although a strong Baptist, he said he thoroughly believed in keeping sectarianism from the common schools, yet a certain moral instruction ought not to be neglected. The building is four stories, of brick, with stone trimmings.

CAPTAIN BARRETT'S APPARATUS FOR HANDLING SMALL BOATS AT SEA.

THE difficulty attending the lowering and detaching of boats in a sea-way, and the danger of the sea striking them on the roll-to of the ship, calls for an apparatus which, at a moment's notice, can free the boat from its tackles, and permit it to be shoved off. The contrivance here described was invented by Captain Edward Barrett, who commanded the U. S. steamer *Ticonderoga* during the recent naval manoeuvres at Key West. A man attends the lever, and at the proper time throws it back, loosening and detaching the bolts.

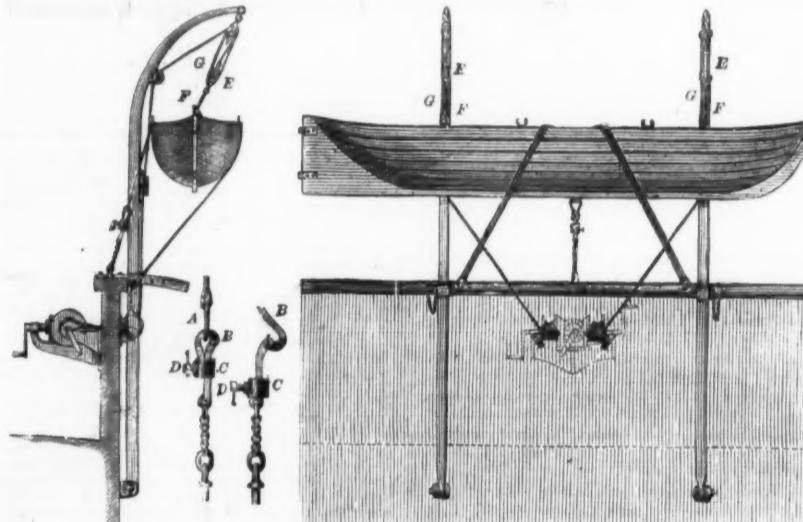
A greater difficulty is that of attaching or hooking on boats in a sea-way. Thus far only one system has been in operation, that of a hook attached to the straps of the block. The new mode offered is the application of a check stopper to the lower block—a stopper which permits the men detailed to hook the falls to do so at leisure, and to clasp



MEDAL PRESENTED TO CHANCELLOR RUNYON, OF NEW JERSEY.

Armory in Newark, N. J., to witness a drill of the Second Regiment. Among the invited guests was the Hon. Theodore Runyon, Chancellor of the State, and formerly Major-General of the N. G. S. N. J. After a regimental dress-parade, the troops were formed in hollow square, when Colonel G. N. Abel addressed the Chancellor in glowing terms, summing up briefly his valuable services in the early part of the war while in command of the New Jersey troops, and closing by presenting him an elegant gold medal.

The testimonial, to which subscriptions were made by the officers of the First and Second Brigades, General Runyon's former staff, the commandant's personal staff, and others, is a badge of heavy gold, made by Durand & Co., and is exceedingly chaste in design and elegant in workmanship. The pin is a Major-General's shoulder-strap of black enamel, with gold edging, and bearing two stars composed of rose diamonds. Attached is a tricolor ribbon, and beneath it a miniature canon of solid gold. From this depends a medal about two inches in diameter. On the obverse is an eagle soaring in a firmament of thirteen stars. At the base is a pile of cannon-balls, while on the right are two crossed swords, and on the left two muskets also crossed and bearing a knapsack of enamel with the letters "N. G." 15



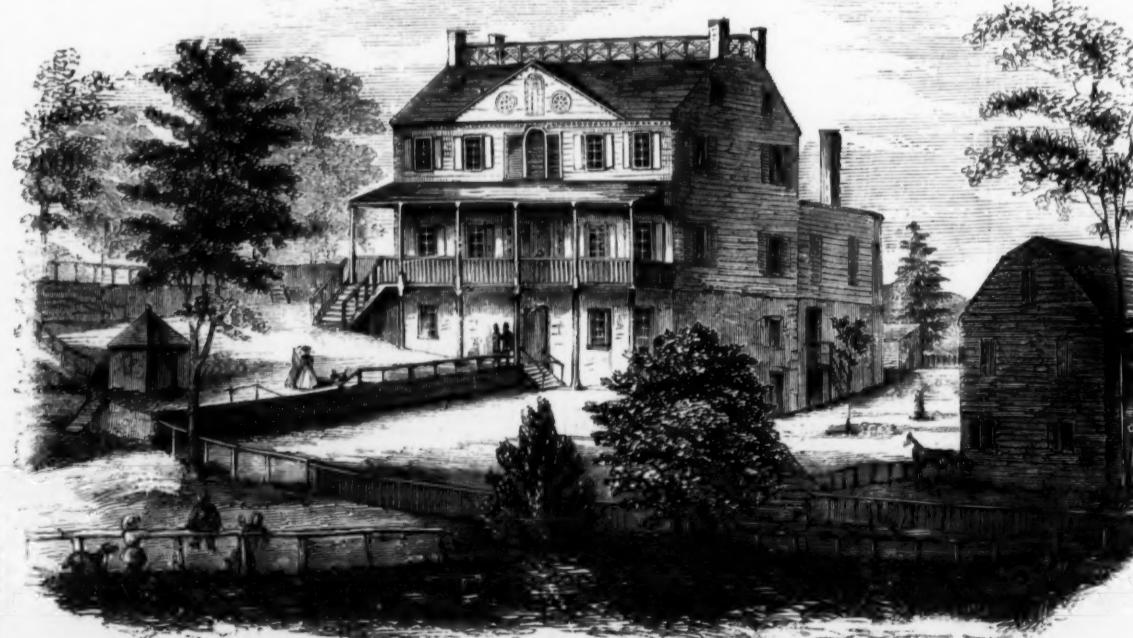
CAPTAIN EDWARD BARRETT'S IMPROVEMENTS IN APPARATUS FOR HOISTING, LOWERING AND DETACHING BOATS.

ing gave Eaton 91 votes against 46 for William H. Barnum, the opposing candidate, and then the caucus declared him nominated by acclamation. In returning thanks for the honor conferred on him, Mr. Eaton said that the hour of success should be the hour of magnanimity. He referred to the position of Senator as next in importance and influence to that of President of the United States, and assured his Democratic friends that he appreciated the responsibilities of the office, and, in case the choice of the caucus should be ratified by the General Assembly, should discharge his duties honestly, conscientiously, and with a sincere desire to promote the welfare and guard the interests of his State. As long as he represented Connecticut on the floor of the Senate, the honor of the Commonwealth should be maintained at all hazards. We give his portrait in this issue.

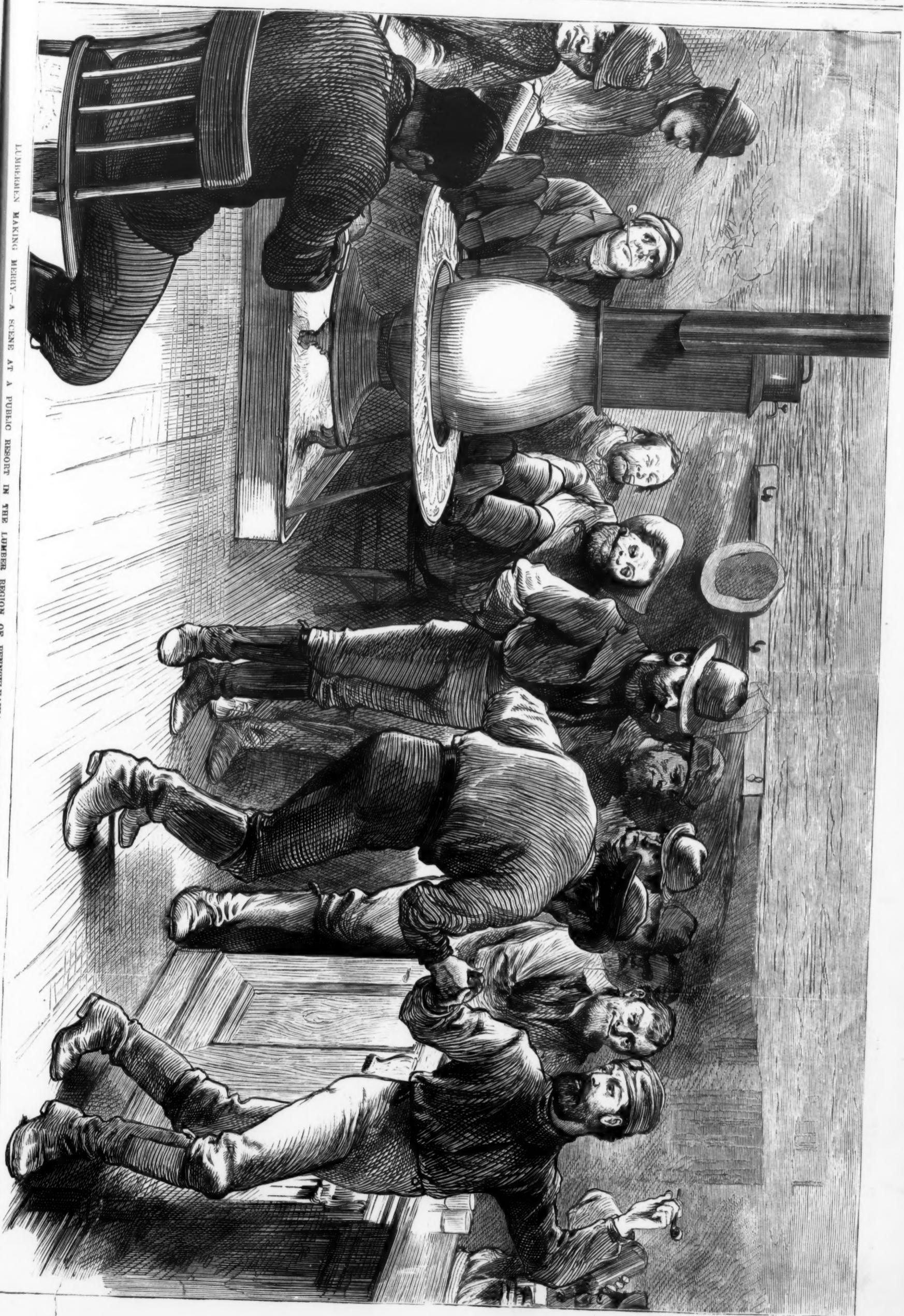
ANOTHER LORRAINE TESTIMONIAL.

ON the eve of Sir Lambton Lorraine's departure for England, recently, a testimonial from the emigrated Cubans in New York was presented him by Mr. Miguel de Aldama and other prominent Cubans residing in the city. The English commander made an appropriate response.

The testimonial, which we



NEW YORK CITY.—AN OLD LANDMARK—THE BEEKMAN MANSION, NEAR EAST FORTY-SIXTH STREET.



LUMBERMEN MAKING HENRY.—A SCENE AT A PUBLIC RESORT IN THE LUMBER REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA, ON THE LINE OF THE FRIE RAILWAY.

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SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BREWER. SEE PAGE 187.

the centre is a medallion coat-of-arms of the State of New Jersey in fretted gold, and resting upon two national flags of colored enamel. On the reverse is the following inscription: "Presented to Major-General Theodore Runyon, by the Officers of the First Brigade, N. G. S. N. J., and a few others, as a token of regard. Newark, May 1st, 1874."

JOAQUIN MILLER.

HIS OLD HOME AT SHASTA.

SOME time since a present *attaché* of the San Francisco *Post* spent a few days in the neighborhood of the town of Shasta, and learning that the old stamping-ground of Joaquin Miller was in close proximity to where he was sojourning, concluded to visit and inspect the former home of the then rough mountaineer and the now famed and eccentric "Poet of the Sierras." It was a bright morning in June when the reporter ventured forth from the lively little town of Redding, the terminus of the California and Oregon Railroad, and a ride of thirteen miles brought him to Bass's Station, the proprietor of which, Mr. Bass, was the party from whom Joaquin borrowed the horse, and for which act of pleasantry he was indicted by the Shasta Grand Jury, consigned to jail to await trial for horse-stealing, and broke jail, by the aid of the maiden of whom he warbles so sweetly in some of his poems, and to all intents and purposes he is still an outlaw from justice. Mr. Bass, however, does the poet justice by stating that he does not believe it was really his intention to steal the animal, but that needing a horse on the occasion, he simply borrowed the first one he came to and rode off, no doubt intending to return it to its owner as soon as he was through with it, but the officers capturing Joaquin with the animal a few days after, charged him with horse-stealing. Of course, Mr. Bass, being the owner of the horse, is entitled to take this view of the case, and the readers of the *Post* can use their own judgment in regard to the motive, but may rest assured, without fear of contradiction, that the horse was taken subsequently found in the poet's possession.

Two miles northeast of Bass's we arrived at the spot where stands the hut in which Joaquin was wont to pass his time with the dark-skinned maiden. It is nestled upon the west side of a huge hill, and partly sheltered by massive oaks and surrounded by shrubbery. It and its surroundings present nothing of civilized interest. A stranger might deem it the forsaken hut of a digger, or the remains of a miner's cabin. It would, undoubtedly, be an excellent spot to conceive weird poetry, and, if gloom has a tendency to inspire a poet with beautiful musical thoughts, then this is where that inspiration could be obtained. Altogether we were disappointed. We expected something strange, different from other portions of the country, and found but a sameness, not at all refreshing.

We gladly leave the spot, and much prefer returning to the legends of Gus, our guide, than to wander among the former footprints of Joaquin. Gus tells of a fair-haired, pale-faced, clear-skinned girl, who, in company with a middle-aged Indian woman of light complexion, sometimes visits that locality and basks in the sunshine in the valley, or reclines on the hillside beneath the oaks. He also tells of how that Indian woman released a white lover from the Shasta jail some years ago, and of his being "way off and a big man now." It is necessary to add that the woman was Joaquin's Indian wife, and the pale-faced girl their offspring?

While at Yreka, Bob Nixon, editor of the *Journal*, related to the writer a story of Joaquin, which we have never seen in print. It seems that when Joaquin was in Oregon, and a County Judge there, he paid a short visit to Yreka. While at the latter place, a correspondent sent an article to the *Journal* regarding Joaquin's exploits in Shasta County, and among other things stated that he was a cook of his (the correspondent) at one time, and used to let the beans burn while he was writing poetry. Bob being a humane sort of a fellow, thought he would show it to Joaquin before publishing it. The poet read over the whole article carefully, wherein was contained his indictment for horse-stealing, and many other delinquencies. After he had perused it to the end, he handed the document back to the editor, and remarked: "I'm d—d if I let those beans burn," and then turned around and walked off.

DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.

"The Blood is the Life." When this source is corrupted, the painful and sorrow-producing effects are visible in many shapes. The multifarious forms in which it manifests itself would form subjects upon which I might write volumes. But as all the varied forms of disease which depend upon bad blood are cured, or best treated, by such medicines as take up from this fluid and excrete from the system the noxious elements, it is not of practical importance that I should describe each. For instance, medical authors describe about fifty varieties of skin disease, but as they all require for their cure very similar treatment, it is of no practical utility to know just what name to apply to a certain form of skin disease, so you know how best to cure it. Then again I might go on and describe various kinds of scrofulous sores, fever sores, white swellings, enlarged glands and ulcers of varying appearance; might describe how virulent poison may show itself in various forms of eruptions, ulcers, sore throat, bony tumors, etc.; but as all these various appearing manifestations of bad blood are cured by a uniform means, I deem such a course unnecessary. Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the great fountain of life, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution, will all return to us. For this purpose Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets are pre-eminently the articles needed. They are warranted to cure Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose Rash or Erysipelas, Ring-Worms, Pimplies, Blotches, Spots, Eruptions, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Rough Skin, Scurf, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Fever Sores, White Swellings, Tumors, Old Sores or Swellings, Affections of the Skin, Throat and Bones, and Ulcers of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Lungs.

STEAM ON CANALS.—That problem of the day, canal locomotion, is not by any means given up as a far gone conundrum. Recent trials have been made on the Erie Canal in New York State, which have demonstrated, more or less completely, the impossibility of bringing steam in as a motor. The adverse results go to show that the extra weight of machinery, water, coal, etc., on the steamboats reduce their tonnage to 200 tons, while the horse-boat can easily carry 250 tons. It is also claimed that the difference in the time made by the competitive methods is not so great as those interested in steam navigation have heretofore claimed. The latter sounds not unlike an argument of the ingenious Mr. Vanderbilt.

THE MESSRS. ALBRO BROTHERS, of 156 Bowery, have recognized the demands of the public in a most satisfactory manner. Their establishment has long borne the reputation of securing the choicest qualities of teas, coffees, sugars, wines, brandies and whiskies, while the prices have been extremely moderate. Now, appreciating the direful results of the financial panic, the firm has made a reduction in the prices of their commodities that is quite astonishing—thus guaranteeing these luxuries of the table to thousands obliged to observe a debilitating self denial. All articles that prove unsatisfactory may be returned; so there is no possible chance of discontent.

ATTENTION is called to the announcement appearing in our columns of the great inducements now being offered by the survivors of the late firm of Lacy & Co., No. 826 Broadway, corner 12th Street, New York City, in Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing, which they are selling at a great deal less than cost of production. This is in consequence of their being necessitated to realize on all their assets as soon as possible.

The Traveler's Guide.

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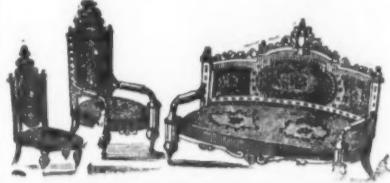
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